



Idle Rhymes

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• IDLE
RHYMINGS.

- A -

Collection of Thoughts Jotted
Down In Leisure
Moments.

✓
BY JOHN H. MACKLEY.
A

JACKSON, OHIO,
1885.



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LESSON OF THE BROOK.

Swiftly flows the silver stream,
Onward toward the river's tide ;
Shines the sun with fitful gleam,
Brightly on it's pebbly side.

Rugged rocks may bar its way,
Drift-wood lodge against its shore ;
Yet, without the least delay,
Will it flow forever more.

Fiercest blasts of winter's cold,
May its shining face congeal ;
Still, within the icy hold,
Will it's waters onward steal.

Winds it's channel 'round about,
Runs it's waters here and there ;
Till at last it rushes out
On the river broad and fair.

As the brooks that never die,
May our lives as steady run—
Rock and drift rush swiftly by
Till the smoother stream is won !

May we row with steady hand
O'er the river's gentle swells—
Reach in safety that bright land
Where the Great Jehovah dwells !





“DECORATION”

OF THE GRAVES OF THE DEAD WHO FELL IN THE WAR FOR
THE DEFENSE OF THE UNION.

Cover them over with flowerets bright,
Strew thickly the snowy numbers !
On each dark bed lay a mantle of white,
To show where a hero slumbers.

Softly ! Tread softly ! With bated breath !
For a sacred presence hovers,
With fairy wings, o'er this scene of death,
Where the sod each brave heart covers.

Ah, why those showers of bitter tears,
On their mounds of damp earth falling ?
High over their heads a light appears,
And a Heavenly voice is calling.

Calling away from the battle's roar,
From the saber's deadly flashing ;
To fields where the braves shall hear no more
The cannon's murderous crashing.

While we now bedeck their mouldering clay
With the flowers that God hath given,
'Tis sweet to think that their spirits to-day
Are crowned with the joy of Heaven.

'Tis sweet to hope that never, again,
May the rage of conflicting powers
Cause us to cover the gallant slain,
With mantles of Spring-time flowers.



SURPRISE PARTY!

GIVEN TO CAPT. L. A. ATKINSON.

What journey o'er life's way hath been so dark,
 So sadly void of every cheering light,
 But there hath been, at times, a glimmering spark
 To cheer the heart, and make the world look bright ?

How sweet the home where Peace her wings hath
 spread,
 And bright Contentment hovers o'er the scene—
 Where happy sunset's loveliest rays are shed,
 Above, around, in brightly golden sheen !

'Tis doubly sweet, where two glad souls as one,
 Are sailing on life's river side by side,
 To see two hearts approach life's setting sun
 While naught within but Love and Joy abide.

Such is the home of which I sing to-night,
 A home where Christian graces richly dwell :
 Day after day, about this hearth-stone bright,
 In songs of praise, pure Cristian voices swell.

Oh, lovely picture ! may it never cease
 The highest soul ambition to inspire—
 And may it's Author fill our souls with peace,
 And fill our souls with endless Christian fire !





“BOB WHITE !”

Merrily echoes, from field and wood,
 The warning call to the hiding brood,
 As, haughtily perched on the topmost rail,
 Merrily pipes the vigilant quail:
 “Bob White ! B-o-b, B-o-b White !”

Over the wheat-field's ripening grain,
 Over the meadow's emerald plain,
 Cheerily floats, from the briar frail,
 The welcome note of the merry quail :
 “Bob White ! B-o-b, B-o-b White !”

Close to the edge of the busy town
 This summer eve, when the sun goes down,
 I hear it float through the twilight pale,
 The happy note of the joyous quail :
 “Bob White ! B-o-b, B-o-b White !”

Like all God's creatures, he has his share
 Of earthly labor and earthly care ;
 Yet all earth's troubles will not avail
 To kill the song of the happy quail :
 “Bob White ! B-o-b, B-o-b White !”

Oh, happy the bird ! And happy the note,
 Pouring forth from his striped throat !
 No matter if earthly cares assail,
 Victorious sings the merry quail :
 “Bob White ! B-o-b, B-o-b White !”



GATHERING HAZELS.

Now comes the yellow Fall again,
 I see the showering leaves,
 And hear the chilling, wintry rain,
 Fast dripping from the eaves ;
 Dear Marth., I see the dark clouds play,
 With many a lowering frown,
 Above the wood, where, many a day,
 We've gathered hazels brown.

There first we told our youthful love,
 Each to a willing ear,
 While, from approving oaks above,
 Fell bird-songs sweet and clear ;
 How swiftly flew the happy hours,
 How sweet the sun went down,
 As, underneath the golden show'rs,
 We plucked the hazels brown !

Though many a busy year has passed—
 Years fraught with joy and pain,
 This heart will yearn, while life shall last,
 For those sweet scenes again ;
 And oft-times in the dreary hours
 Within the busy town,
 I long to see the leafy showers,
 And pluck the hazels brown.

How swiftly all these years have fled !
 Now we are growing old,
 And silver soon upon your head
 Will take the place of gold ;
 Yet still these hearts beat just as warm,—



Though swift our sun goes down—
 As when, unknown to cloud or storm,
 We gathered hazels brown,
 Dear Marth., we've much to live for still,
 Though evening shadows play,
 We may our lives with beauty fill,
 In this their closing day ;
 And we may rest each weary head
 Beneath a golden crown,
 When other hands come in our stead,
 And pluck the hazels brown.
 The Father who so loved us then,
 And filled our lives with bliss,
 Will lead us by the hands again,
 In better worlds than this ;
 And He will make our Heavenly ways—
 When this life's sun goes down—
 Brighter than when, in those bright days,
 We plucked the hazels brown.



MY TREASURE.

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."—Matt. 18—4.

There's a flashing of dimpled fingers
 Before the hearth-stone bright,
 And a picture of childhood lingers,
 And plays in the glaring light ;
 And the little hands
 Weave golden bands
 Around our hearts to-night.



Now through the light advancing,
Patter those little feet;
And I see the shadows dancing
Over the face so sweet ;
And the bright eyes beam
In the fire-light's gleam,
As their merry glance I greet.

With a love that knows no chilling
I look for that sunny head :
And, my heart with rapture filling,
I list for the merry tread,
And the noisy play,
At the close of day,
When the sun's last rays are fled.

The life of that little treasure
Is a sermon, pure, to me ;
And I look with a boundless pleasure
On the bursts of childish glee
For the Lord of Heaven
To her hath given
An angel's purity.

Oh that the guileless beauty
That 'round our childhood plays,
Might keep us true to our duty,
And brighten our fading days—
When the shadows fall,
And the angels call,
We may live with God always.





CHILD'S SONG OF PRAYER.

Let us sing, let us sing,
While our hearts are light and free,
Songs of love, God above,
For the debt we owe to Thee.

Let us watch, let us watch,
Lest our feet should ever stray,
In the strife of this life,
From the straight and narrow way.

Let us pray, let us pray,
That the Father's mighty hand
Be our guide from this side
Over to the better land.

Let us hope, let us hope—
Let our faith reach to the skies—
That at last, sorrows past,
We may dwell in Paradise.

Let us trust, let us trust,
In the Savior's precious word ;
Then we may, every day,
Find the favor of our Lord.



THE OLD DRUM.

The old drum hangs upon it's rack,
 A relic dim and brown—
 In memory it takes us back,
 We hear in every town
 It's "R-r-rummit, tummit, tample,"
 Echoing up and down.

With broken cord, and battered rim,
 And "snares" all broken short,
 A stroke upon the calf-skin dim
 Gives but a dull report—
 "R-r-rummit, tummit, tample"—
 A dull and sad report.

Faint letters on it's painted face,
 A gallant story tell,
 Of many a day, and many a place,
 Where striving heroes fell—
 While "r-r-rumple, r-r-rumple, r-r-rumple,"
 Arose in boisterous swell.

Where a thousand braves were stricken low
 On the blood-besprinkled plain,
 When the shades of night were settling, slow,
 O'er the ghastly heaps of slain,
 It's "t-r-r-unmit-tum, t-r-r-unmit-tum,"
 Called to them in vain.

When the welcome tidings came at last,
 From bloody Southern fields—
 "The strife is ended—the danger past,
 The gallant foemen yields!"





Then "r-r-rumple-tum-tum, r-r-rumple-tum-tum,"
The drummer the ebony wields.

When the boys came home with victory flushed,
With laurels nobly earned,
When loving ones watched, with breathing hushed,
For those for whom they yearned,
It's "left—right ! left—right !"
Told of the braves returned.

There is a drummer who beateth time
For the souls that are marching on ;
He calls us to join the army sublime—
"Fall in ! or the chance is gone"—
Then "left—right ! Left—right !"
We'll march till the battle's won.

Oh, may the Captain who guides our feet
Toward a camp in the better land,
Ever find us marching to steady beat
By the Infinite Drummer's hand :
"Left—right ! Left—right !"
A brave, determined band.



SONG OF THE FURNACE.

All the day long—throughout the night,
You may see my glaring eye ;
You may hear the sound of my roaring might,
As the "blast" goes rushing by.

You may hear the wheeze of my ponderous breath,
Day in, day out, the same ;
Yet stand aloof—my embrace is death,
For I breathe the roaring flame.



Strong men pause, ere they pass along,
And look the wonder they feel,
To hear the "puff" of my noisy song,
And view my flying wheel.

Toilers are delving, day by day,
Into the hill's great store ;
'Tis food for me they are bringing away,
In the masses of weighty ore.

All over the world my work is sent,
It is found on sea and land ;
While, in laboring here, my life is spent,
The scope of my work is grand.

Without me, Science and Art were dead,
And Industry's banner furl'd ;
The glaring light, from my great eye shed,
Is the soul of the busy world.

Thus, day after day, night after night,
Roars my vigorous blast ;
While ever is seen the brilliant light
That over my work I cast.

Oh, that mortals would patiently work along
With hearts as strong as mine—
That day and night we might hear their song,
And see their bright lights shine.

May they take from the world the ores of sin,
And melt them in Christian flame ;
May each in the world's great struggle win
The joy of a Christian name !





ON THE DEATH OF NANCY OSBORNE.

Again I see the dark Death Angel fly,
I hear the swift rush of his wings ;
Strong hearts are aching, while swift he goes by,
With the terror and sorrow he brings.

Again to the same broken field does he come,
And gathers, with merciless hand,
Another bright sheaf from this sorrowing home,
And bears it away from the land.

Away, swift away, has the Death Angel flown—
Away with that spirit so bright ;
With love has he placed it before the great throne,
All bathed in a heavenly light.

Not in vain the Great Reaper his dread visit makes,
Not in vain leaves a pathway of gloom ;
For, every bright flower that from us he takes
Shall through all Eternity bloom.

While the lonely companion still tarries below,
And awaits the great call that will come,
He knows that ere long God will call him to go,
And meet with his loved ones at home.

For thus does this Reaper, who cuts down the flow'rs,
Transplant them with tenderest care—
Though doomed to death in this sad world of ours,
They shall live through Eternity there.



**HOME THEY BROUGHT HER STATESMAN
DEAD!**

ON THE BRINGING OF THE REMAINS OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD
FROM NEW JERSEY TO OHIO.

The maddening surf still beats upon the shore,
The gloomy storm-cloud hangs above the sea ;
From Elberon the tidings come no more,
That erstwhile cheered the hearts of you and me.

Along the rails the crape-decked palace flies,
And sobs, heart-rending, blend with rushing steam ;
The wail of millions reaches to the skies,
And hangs about us like some horrid dream.

Back, through the fatal place where Garfield fell,
Is carried now the senseless lump of clay ;
While strong men weep to hear the "dead-march"
swell,
And war-worn heroes turn in grief away.

His honored name, on History's brightest page
By fair Columbia traced, in letters bold,
He died—yet he will live, through every age—
And oft the story of his life be told.

And while we bow around his grave to-day,
And lay his form beneath it's native sod,
We know that now he lives, in endless day,
And rests, in joy eternal, with his God.





“SHE HAS A BAD NAME !”

*“Let not them that are mine enemies wrongfully
rejoice o'er me ; neither let them wink with the eye
that hate me without a cause.”—Ps. 35-19.*

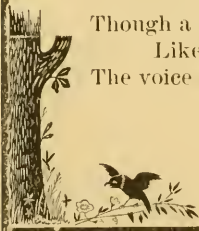
Oh, who shall repair the poor heart-strings that break
At the fear of Society's frown ?
What man or what woman will dare undertake
To censure the efforts self-righteous ones make
To drag the unfortunate down ?

In the world she is friendless—no sad eyes shall weep
When she flies from the cross to the crown ;
Though her life be as pure as the zephyrs that sweep
O'er the flowers, that reptile, Suspicion, may creep
And drag the unfortunate down.

Soft lips and soft heads, that may never have known
Aught of joy, save Fashion's renown,
May wrong one whose life is as pure as their own ;
And add to the measure of cruelty shown
In dragging unfortunates down.

Small feet hasten by when she moves o'er the street,
Small hands closely draw the rich gown ;
Lest, by contact with *her*, they be thought indiscreet
While small painted lips, by Fashion called sweet,
Cry the poor unfortunate down.

Though a villain may start the dread rumor that flies,
Like a whirlwind throughout the town,
The voice of our “circle”—how loudly it cries !



We must mock the poor spirit, and laugh at its sighs,
And drag the unfortunate down.

Ah, where does that river of Charity flow,
Where she all her troubles may drown?
Is there no sacred place where her poor heart may
glow
With the promptings of friendship—and meet not the
blow
That strikes the unfortunate down?

When through the dark valley our Savior had passed,
And emerged from the sepulchre's frown,
From *womanly* eyes the first welcome was cast—
Fair woman, who had at the cross been the last—
’Tis *she* whom the world would drag down.

Let us *lift up* the fallen, and strengthen the weak,
If our own lives with joy we would crown;
Let each live a life that is Christ-like and meek,
For, with God in our hearts, we never will seek
To drag the unfortunate down.



DEACON SLASHER ON “CLASS MEETING!”

Martha, dear, I beg of you, let this one Sabbath pass
Without continual teazin’ of me to go to “Class”;
I know you think it duty, but then, sometimes, you
know,

In performances of duty I am prone to be too slow.
I want to seek salvation, and live a Christian life,





And keep my own immortal soul—above all worldly
strife,

But I've learned, from observation, that you cannot
always tell

A righteous man by what he says—and, Martha, it is
well.

I have myself got up to give my "testimony" in,

And I have felt, while doin' so, that I was free from
sin,

Yet when I come to think it' o'er, and view the
matter right,

I fear my stock of righteousness; would illy bear the
light;

Then there's Deacon Bluff; shoves up his cheek and
says that he is sure

That all within his righteous heart is absolutely pure;

And when the Deacon 'settles down, relapsing into
sleep,

His testimony upward goes, and makes the angels
weep.

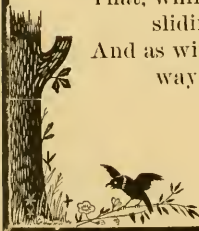
Then Brother Baldy bounces up, and tells, with
solemn face,

That "down the Western slope of life" he runs with
rapid pace;

And thus he tells, in solemn tones, with many a
blink, and frown,

That, while he should be climbing *up*, he's swiftly
sliding *down*;

And as with Baldy and with Bluff, it runs the whole
way through,



Each speaks of his own purity, but tells us nothing new.
 I have no doubt but God *does* give His blessings, rich and free,
 To all who go to Him in faith—I know He's kind to me ;
 But, though from every "Class" our loud professions upward roll,
 Our *works* must be our Christian claims—*words* cannot save a soul.
 And, Martha, people *will* beyond the mere profession look—
 They care not for the title-page, they want to read the book ;
 And if our earthly records are made up of sin and crime,
 In making loud professions we only waste our time ;
 How sad, should I get up and say that I am sanctified,
 To hear some one who knows me hiss : "The wretch, he knew he lied !"
 So, Martha, I have thought it best for me to stay away,
 And in the quiet of my home to daily watch and pray,
 And ever try to keep the path by all true Christians trod—
 The path that leads away from sin, and leads us up to God.
 You may, my dear, do as you please, but let this Sabbath pass
 Without continual teazin' me—I cannot go to "Class."





THE HUMAN WATCH.

The Human Watch is ever going,
Marking time with steady beat—
Every noble impulse showing
To the friends we chance to meet.

Ne'er the breath of Winter freezes
This swift-going Watch of ours ;
Summer suns, nor Autumn breezes,
Winter snows nor Springtime show'rs—

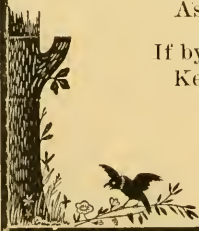
Can deface it's trusty dial,
Or destroy it's hidden springs ;
In the midst of every trial,
Swift it's beating ever rings.

Often cold and often cheerless,
Is the air we find it in ;
Yet with steady beat and fearless
Runs the tiny works within.

Never stops it—never pauses—
Never dims it's shining face,
Till Death's blighting finger causes
The decaying of it's case.

Swift the moments it is counting—
Moments that we cannot save—
Every obstacle surmounting
As it times us to the grave.

If by *love* we keep it going,
Keep it's dial ever bright,



We may have the joy of knowing
That our Watch is ever *right*!

For, this Watch our lives is timing,
It but once can stop or start ;
Ever running, ever chiming—
It is but *The Human Heart*.



SPRING!

In the maple trees the busy bees
Now merrily, merrily hum ;
Through all the day, from birds at play,
Melodious warblings come.

Reckless of risk, the squirrels frisk
Upon the elm-tree's boughs ;
With clover sweet the pastures greet
The lazy, happy cows.

Flowerets bright now greet the sight,
Upon the meadows green,
The streams gush clear—for Spring is here,
That joyous rural queen.

How soft the air ! The skies, how fair !
How sweet the early flowers !
As the cherry trees nod in the breeze
Their petals fall in showers.

May my heart of sin ne'er cease within
A song of praise to sing—
And may I hold, through Winter's cold,
The joy I feel in Spring !





MY MISSIONARY WORK.

Through the church door, swinging wide, I see the
people go,
While in the belfry tall the bell is swinging to and fro;
And when at last the doors are closed—the bell no
longer rings,
Down the long aisle the music floats, from where the
choir sings.
I hear the earnest pastor preach in language strong
and true,
And feel convinced God has, somewhere, a work for
me to do ;
So, with a strong, a new-born zeal, I lift again my
cross,
And seek, with earnest heart, to save some precious
soul from loss ;
But when I seek to point the way which leads to
endless bliss,
Oft-times the sinner makes reply in language such
as this :

“There is no God !” with a startled ear
I hear the pitiful accents fall,
And I grieve for the heart which hath no fear
For the solemn sound of the Judgment call.

“There is no Hell !” with a brazen tongue
I hear the Infidel sinner say ;
And the soul from which the sad words sprung
Is idling the precious time away.



"There is no Christ, no Cross, no Hope !
 No Crucifixion was ever given,
 To save the mortals who blindly grope
 Their erring way toward a Bible Heaven."

"There is no place where the Demons black
 Revel on beds of fiery coals,
 While their fiendish laughter is answered back
 In the horrible shouts of dying souls.."

"I have no fear, for my soul is calm—
 I know that I never shall live again;
 Preach not to *me* of the Bleeding Lamb,
 Slain to atone for the sins of men !"

What can be said to such a man? I go upon my way,
 And trust that to his wicked heart may come a
 better day ;

For, when his life draws to a close, when shadows
 thickly fall,

Oh, *then* his frightened soul will long to hear the
 gospel's call ;

And when the mortal frame draws near it's home
 beneath the sod,

The soul immortal keenly feels there *is* a righteous
 God.

I know the meanest soul *sometime*, will turn to
 better things—

And in a wicked heart, at last, a hope of pardon
 springs ;

But oh, let every heart turn *now*, while in the
 Church-bell's chime

We hear the sweetly-solemn call : "*Behold, now is
 the time !*"



OLD SOLDIERS' LETTERS.

The Springtime comes, with robes of beauteous green,
And flowerets bright spring from the yielding
ground,

My eyes with joy survey the glorious scene
That lies in all it's gorgeous tints around.

The daisy's tiny flower, the violet's stem,
The blue-bells nodding to the summer breeze ;
The fragrant rose, the hawthorne's snowy gem,
The apple blossoms on the orchard trees—

These lovely scenes with pleasure do I see,
Nor these alone, but many an added charm ;
Oh, Heavenly beauty—was it made for me,
To cheer my sinking heart, and keep it warm ?

Yet such a scene as this it's sadness brings—
Every rose must have it's sharpened thorn ;
The bird that loudest and most sweetly sings
May force it's music from a heart forlorn.

With the Springtime flowers there comes to me
Voices long unheard, but well-known still ;
Bringing back the stormy times when we
Together marched o'er Southern vale and hill.

Oh, troublous times ! I love to think again,
Upon those days of mingled griefs and joys,
When, on the "roll," we all were classed as "men"—
While in our hearts we kept the name of "boys."

At blare of bugle, or at tap of drum,
How oft we gathered in the steady line !



I hear them yet—but do these memories come
To other hearts, as now they come to mine?

Ah, it must be that we shall meet no more !
Those other hearts are scattered like the sand ;
Many are mustered "on the other shore,"
And beckon to me with a comrade's hand.

Up from the Southern pine-tree's lonely shade,
Their voices come, familiar now as when,
Their shattered frames on beds of anguish laid,
They faintly whispered "we shall meet again."

Oh, when the last great trumpet-note shall sound,
And Heaven and earth shall hear it's music clear,
May we again, all safely gathered 'round,
A solid line at "roll-call" answer "*Here!*"



FREE FOR ALL!

*"They that are whole have no need of the physician,
but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous,
but sinners, to repentance."*—Mark 2-17.

"I know 'tis the message the gospel brings,—
'Tis the call of the Savior which sweetly rings,
And calleth from earth to holier things,
So rich, so full and so free ;
I know 'tis the song which the angel sings—
But not for me—oh, not for me !"

"I know that for sinners the Savior died—
For sinners the voice from the garden cried ;





'Twas sin that drew from His wounded side
That flowing blood so free ;
For sin is that precious blood applied—
But not for me—oh, not for me !"

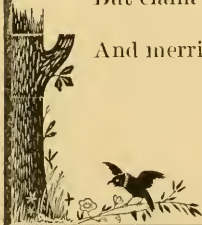
The Father who noteth the sparrow's fall,
Will ever list to His children's call—
Not one of His creatures may be too small
For His loving eyes to see :
'Tis said that His blessings are free for all—
But not for me—oh, not for me !"

* * * * *

Not for thee? Oh, the sinful thought !
'Twas *thy* redemption which Jesus brought,
And thy salvation by Him was wrought
When He groaned upon the tree ;
And a mansion fair by His blood was bought—
Now it waits for thee—it waits for thee.

For thy poor soul has The Spirit striven,
For thee are the ties of sorrow riven ;
And that precious life was freely given
To make thy spirit free :
Now on His throne, in the light of Heaven,
He waits for thee—He waits for thee,

Though sin may have left thee many a scar,
Though the light of His love still shines afar,
But claim the promise—the gate's ajar,
And His mercy full and free ;
And merrily sings each twinkling star :
"He waits for thee—He waits for thee !"



"I WANT SOME CLO'ES!"

[While the ladies were sewing for the needy, at the M. E. Church, a little boy came in. "What do you want, my little man?" asked one of the ladies. Looking around the room, then at his poor attire, he replied: "I want some clo'es!"]

"And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me."—Matt. 18-5.

Rags but poorly shield the form
From the beating winter storm;
Poorly clad the little feet
Shuffle o'er the snowy street;
To the Church he goes to-day,
Tremblingly we hear him say:
"I want some clo'es!"

Though to outward view distress'd,
Still beneath that tattered vest
Beats a heart as warm and true
As poor mortal ever knew;
Every heart should warm to-day,
To hear the little stranger say:
"I want some clo'es!"

What a hopeless life to lead—
None to see his urgent need!
Those who hear his plaintive cry
Hear it but to hurry by,
While upon the wintry air
Float the accents of despair:
"I want some clo'es!"





Yet the shorn lamb's needy plight
 Brings the Father, in his might,
 Who may do whate'er He will,
 Who can bid the storm "be still,"
 Now the milder breezes play,
 Still we hear the stranger say :
 "I want some clo'es !"

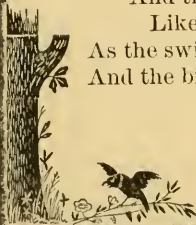
Now the God who dwells on high
 Hears and heeds the plaintive cry ;
 'Tis a human soul that calls,
 'Tis a sweet response that falls—
 For, to *angels'* hearts, to-day,
 Does the little stranger say :
 "I want some clo'es !"

Clad in raiment soft and warm,
 Now defiant of the storm,
 Goes he forth with songs of love—
 Praise to Him who reigns above ;
 And with gladdened hearts, to-day,
 We may drive the sound away :
 "I want some clo'es !"



HARVEST TIME.

The reaper travels his yearly rounds
 Through the fields of golden grain,
 And the merry voice of the binder sounds
 Like an answering refrain—
 As the swift machine through the stubble rings,
 And the binder bends o'er his work and sings.



Oh, sweet are the joys of the harvest-time !
When each stalk wears a golden crown,
When, in chorus, the insects chime,
At eve, when the sun goes down—
And the cooling shadows, gathering fast,
Tell us that the day is past,

Sweet is the morn, when lights the East
With the radiant lamp of day ;
When the echoes are 'wakened by bird and beast,
As they romp in their merry play,
And the grass is wet with the heavy dew,
Like diamonds sparkling to the view.

Sweet is the rest of the noon-tide hour,
When the dinner-horn is blown ;
When the workmen seek some shady bower,
Where each, in merry tone,
Tells of exploits in the sunny fields—
Of former plantings and former yields.

The housewife works with her rarest skill
In cooking the tempting meals ;
The success that is wrought by a woman's will
The laden board reveals ;
And the sturdy harvesters gathered there
Offer up thanks for the bounteous fare.

Like the reaper who mows the golden grain,
And gathers the bright new sheaves,
A greater is traveling o'er life's plain,
And wide is the "swath" he leaves—
Reaping alike the youthful gems,
And the fully bearded and ripened stems.





Relentlessly comes this reaper strong,
 In sunshine or in rain ;
 He ever hurries his work along,
 And he cometh not in vain ;
 In every moment—in every cline,
 With him it is always harvest time.

May showers of Heavenly love-light fall
 On this varied field of ours,
 Cooling and cleansing the hearts of all,
 As the rain-drops cool the flowers.
 May the harvest reaped by Death's cold hand
 Be safely stored in the Better Land !



RAIN !

Hark, the patter of the rain !
 It is pouring down again ;
 Hear it dripping, dripping, dripping from the eaves ;
 How the storm-wind shakes the shutters !
 While the distant thunder mutters,
 And the lightning through the murky night-air
 cleaves,

Hear the dashing of the rain,
 As it beats against the pane !
 Now 'tis whirling, whirling by in fitful showers ;
 Though, in heavy volumes pouring,
 On the tempest it is roaring,
 It has come to add new beauty to the flowers.

Like an evil spirit, vain,
 Comes the rushing of the rain,



Dashing, splashing, on the firm and solid walls :
And, like evils, unavailing
When the walls of right assailing,
It is backward hurled, and harmlessly it falls,

Just beyond the falling rain
There are brighter skies again,
And the morning light will tinge the clouds with
gold ;
Though at present shadows hover,
Soon the darkness will be over,
And the cheering light of day again unfold.

Like the gloomy, chilling rain,
Come our days of care and pain,
And we tremble, tremble, with an awful dread ;
Yet from one who rules above us,
And will never cease to love us,
On our gloomy hearts a precious light is shed.

Though there comes the evil rain
Falling on our social plain,
Though malignant clouds obscure the noon-day light,
Like the blooming of the flowers
After fiercely-beating showers,
Bursts forth the sign of *Triumph for the Right!*





THE CRY FROM THE CLIFF.

ON THE DEATH OF HON. LEVI DUNGAN, WHO WAS KILLED
BY FALLING OVER A PRECIPICE IN THE NIGHT.

As a thief in the night, Death's messenger flies,
And, perched on the dark cliff's treacherous edge,
Silently waits, 'neath the lowering skies,
Till his victim approaches the perilous ledge.

Away in the darkness—into the gloom,
He goes from the bed of a suffering child ;
He heeds not, he hears not, the tale of his doom,
As told by the rain-drops pattering wild.

Down, down the dark precipice, down to the grave,
Unknown to his dear ones, at night he hath sped ;
No presence to warn him—no power to save,
And the storm sings a requiem 'round his death-bed.

Yet not *all* unknown does he take the dread fall,
A shout weirdly floats on the dull wintry air ;
A loved one is watching who hears the sad call—
A farewell to earth—a deep wail of despair.

She listens again, but the call cometh not,
No sound but the rain-drops beating the ground ;
While the Death-Angel flies swift away from the spot,
And Peace spreads her white wings gently around.

She turns from the window—the storm rages on,
And the night-winds still o'er the precipice roll—
Oh, Thou, the Great Comforter, come with the dawn,
And speak the sweet message of peace to her soul.
May each wintry breeze that is wafted along,



By the treacherous cliff where her loved one went
 down,
 Bear on its wings the sweet burden of song :
 "Ye are bearing my cross—I will give thee a
 crown !"



THE GRAVE BY THE BROOKLET.

Down by the brook, where the willow tree grows,
 A cottage in solitude stands ;
 Near it's age-blackened walls, the eglantine blows,
 And the soft winds of Spring shake the willowy
 rows

That nod o'er the brook's shining sands.

There oft, in the fast-fading days that have fled,
 With the sun's first lighting the sky,
 I watched from this cottage the first streaks of red
 That over the far Eastern hillocks were shed,
 And heard the clear brook babbling by.

Ah, soft was the hand which then rested in mine,
 And lovely those dear eyes of blue ;
 How sweet 'round my heart do the memories twine !
 And I see, once again, that young face divine,
 That told of a heart warm and true.

How oft did we ramble, with hearts light and free,
 Over meadow and valley and hill !
 We knew every flower—by name called each tree,
 And oft did we pause by the willows to see
 The young fish play in the rill.

When came the dull Autumn—the days growing cold,





And the fields wore their garments of brown,
When the trees in the woodland their beauty unfold,—
We watched the rich colors of crimson and gold,
That hung on the hill like a crown.

Winter came on, with its dull biting frost,
When the earth wore a mantle of snow ;
I saw my young friend by suffering toss'd
I heard, in a dream, that the young life was lost—
And I fell with the terrible blow.

The Spring came again, I covered with flowers
A little green grave on the hill ;
You may see it, just there, where its snowy shaft
towers
Its white head above the green net-work of bowers,
Where the roses are blossoming still.

I go to that grave when the first breath of Spring
Is borne on the mild Southern breeze ;
I train the young roses—fresh flowers I bring,
And list to the birds that so merrily sing
In the boughs of the old willow trees.

While watching these flowers, with tenderest care,
As the years go rapidly by,
I think of that flower, so lovely and rare,
Which our Heavenly Father no longer could spare,
Now sweetly transplanted on high.

To those who will trust Him, He giveth relief,
To hearts that are burdened with pain ;
If we carry, in prayer, our burden of grief
To Him, He will surely reward our belief,
And make our hearts happy again.



SUNLIGHT.

From the leafless cherry trees,
 Nodding in the summer breeze,
 Hear the music ringing!
 Sweetly from the topmost bough,
 Hear the Heavenly music now,
 Birds of Spring are singing.

Robin's warbling wild and free,
 Blue-bird flies from tree to tree—
 Hear the happy chorus!
 Crows are calling from the hill,
 Songs of frogs sound loud and shrill,
 Spring is hovering o'er us.

Yet, beyond these days so warm,
 Ready waits the chilling storm,
 In tempest and in showers;
 And frosts of Winter yet may fall,
 While freezing winds burst over all,
 And kill the budding flowers.

Thus in youth the sunshine plays
 All about our childish ways.
 While hearts with joy are beating;
 But let us while the days are bright
 Prepare to stand the stormy night—
 It's shade on shade repeating.

Then, while gloomy grow our skies,
 And fading age has dimmed our eyes,
 While we are drawing nearer
 To that glad, blissful home above,





He will surround us with His love
 And make our pathway clearer.
 And while the bells of Heaven ring,
 And angel voices sweetly sing
 Glad songs "beyond the River,"
 Oh, sweetest hope that e'er was known,
 We will enjoy, about the throne,
 Sunlight and joy forever.



THE WIDOW'S SONG.

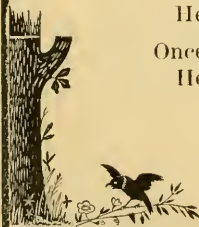
Why should I sigh when others smile—
 Why grieve, while others play?
 Why try, with saddened heart, to while
 The weary hours away?

Ah, cruel memory brings again
 Those scenes of long ago!
 This poor heart had not fallen, then,
 Beneath Sin's cruel blow.

I see again a manly form,
 With curls of darkest brown,
 I see, ere yet the dreadful storm
 Has bent my poor heart down.

I see the Tempter smiling come—
 Oh dread, oh cruel, fate!
 He enters now our happy home—
 He turns all love to hate.

Once started on the downward road,
 How swift my darling flies,



Till, broken by his sinful load,
He bends, he falls, he dies!

Now, from his narrow house of sod,
I softly clear the weeds,
While, at the Judgment Bar of God,
His soul for mercy pleads.

Is there no hope for such as he?
Must that dear soul be lost?
Is there no solace left for me—
On life's cold tempest toss'd?

Ah, well may souls in horror shrink
And hearts indignant burn—
And from the dreadful Demon, Drink,
In trepidation turn!

Ah, he who sold the poison, dread,
By which my darling fell—
A widow's curse be on his head,
To drag him down to Hell!

Behold the light beyond the gloom—
The day beyond the night—
I see this Demon's coming doom—
The triumph of the Right!



THE MOTHER WATCHES.

She stands by the door and watches,
As the evening sun goes down,
For her loved one soon is coming
Away from the distant town;





She waits, while night advances,
Arrayed in its starry crown.

She watches with tireless vision
As the hours are growing late;
She watches the fire-flies gleaming,
Down by the farm-yard gate—
And wonders if they are warnings
Sent on by a cruel Fate.

Footsteps at last are nearing,
Along the shadowy road;
From her yearning heart is lifted
The weight of a heavy load:
All now is joy and brightness
Where the stream of doubtings flowed.

Footsteps—not two, but many,
Are nearing her very door;
Strong men are bearing a burden,
While a neighbor comes before—
To tell her the crushing story
That her loved one is no more.

'T is a short and a simple story
Told at this homestead bright:
A "friend," a drink and a quarrel,
A murderous, drunken fight—
A young heart pierced by a bullet,
A home in the gloom of night.

A mother is broken-hearted,
A promising son is dead;
The gallows claims a victim,



And a hellish light is shed,
 'Round the den of the doggerly-keeper
 With murder upon his head.

How long—while hearts are breaking,
 As the sad years onward roll—
 Oh, God of mercy and justice,
 Shall the Demon have control?
 How long shall this mighty sorrow
 O'ershadow the weary soul?

Oh, hasten the time when Reason
 Shall rule with a perfect sway!
 When the snares prepared for our loved ones
 Shall all be torn away—
 When no more for a child in danger
 A mother shall weep and pray.



BY THE DEATH BED.

In the lone watches of the night
 I sit, and doze, and yawn,
 Or watch the lamp's bright-glaring light,
 And long for the coming dawn—
 Till my weary eyes give up the fight,
 As the night wears slowly on.

My eye-lids fall—and I sit and dream,
 As the hours go whirling by;
 I seem to stand by a mighty stream,
 Whose waters never die—
 Along whose shores the sun's rays gleam,
 And the breakers sadly sigh.





I see the life of a loved one cast
On the face of its waters deep;
I behold, as it rushes swiftly past,
While I stand on the shore and weep:
That life is borne on the waters vast
Toward a harbor of peaceful sleep.

Again, and again, they rush along
On the ever-moving tide,
Infancy, frail, and manhood, strong,
Are floating side by side—
And I hear a shout of sweetest song
Borne back o'er the waters wide.

I see, far down the watery waste,
Those souls in a joyous band,
Each brow by a golden circlet graced,
And a harp in each peaceful hand;
For those who passed, in the stream's wild haste,
Have reached "the better land" ——

I awake! The sufferer lying there
So weary, and weak, and worn,
Sleeps sweetly now—from the brow so fair
All signs of pain are torn,
And the wearied eyes have a vacant stare,
For the soul is upward borne.

At night, while the drowsy watcher dreamed,
And the sufferer peaceful lay—
O'er that couch an angel presence beamed,
And the soul was borne away,
To sing the song of souls redeemed,
And live in an endless day.



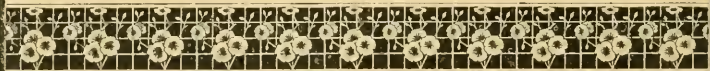
Oh, curious watcher on life's broad sea,
 Thou knowest not the hour
 When the Son of Man may come to thee,
 With the weight of his mighty power—
 He beareth away the aged tree,
 And the tiny, tender flower.
 Though He comes at morn—or at midnight,
 drear,
 When the gloomy shadows fall,
 Be pure in heart—ye have nought to fear
 When comes the solemn call.
 One who loves you is always near,
 Who keeps and comforts all.



THE OLD FARM HOUSE FOR ME.

Let Luxury its palace seek,
 And Pride its fine display—
 These are but fancies of the weak,
 And quickly pass away;
 No stately mansion is so fair
 As the woodland, wild and free—
 With its shady groves and bracing air,
 The old farm house give me.
 Let Fashion smile her sweetest smile,
 And lure dull Folly on;
 Let weak Pretension rule the while,
 And earthly cares be gone;
 Yet in the city's pent-up throng
 No pleasure do I see—

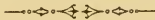




With flower, and field, and bird, and song,
The old farm house give me.

The worldly pleasures of mankind
But shadows are, at best,
Enjoyed a few short years, to find
A need of peaceful rest;
Let others go where'er they will,
The world is broad and free—
I make my choice—for good or ill
The old farm house for me.

When, down the sun-set slope of life,
I wander, old and frail,
When, tired out with worldly strife,
These limbs begin to fail—
Oh, may I be prepared to meet
Bravely, the great decree!
Then, a grave within some wild retreat,
Near the old farm house, give me.



THE WINTER KING.

Little friend, with flitting wing,
What glad tidings dost thou bring?
On the fiercest wind that blows,
Heralding the winter snows,
Free and happy dost thou come
With joyous tidings to my home?
Tell me, pretty snow-bird!

Cans't thou tell of Christmas chimes,
Heard by thee in colder climes?



Hast thou in the gloomy past,
 Carol'd free in fiercer blast,
 Or, hast thou Summer's beauties seen,
 Flowerets bright and pastures green?
 Tell me, joyous snow-bird.

" When Autumn winds blow chill and bleak,
 These fading pastures then I seek,
 And try, with trusting heart, to bring
 Rays of sunshine while I sing;
 The gloomiest days I try to make
 Brighter for my Master's sake " —
 Spake my little snow-bird.

When wintry skies, with gloomy frown,
 Hang above the meadows brown,
 Little songster, tell to me,
 How to be as gay as thee;
 How to look, whate'er betide,
 Always on the brightest side—
 Tell me happy snow-bird.

" He who notes the sparrow's fall,
 Has a tender care for all;
 And from His bounteous store above,
 Fills my heart with tender love;
 That's my secret, full and free
 Guard it well, and happy be!"
 Spake the happy snow-bird.





BLACKBERRYING.

Merrily tripping, with basket or pail,
Forth in the morning light,
Over the hill and through the vale—
Truly a happy sight.

Happy young voices ring on the air,
Voices of laughter and song;
Glad young faces are beaming fair—
Happy feet dance along.

Hearts as light as the bird that flies
Gaily from tree to tree;
Pure and bright as the summer skies,
The children seem to me.

All day long, in wood or field,
They gather the luscious store,
Bringing, at eve, the bounteous yield,
But bringing with fingers sore.

Soft hands, pure and tender at morn,
And eager their work to begin,
Cruelly scarred by many a thorn
That lies imbedded within.

Yet pause they not for the thorn's deep scar—
By many a field and glen,
To-morrow morn they will wander afar,
Picking the berries again.

Brave young hearts! Nor scar nor pain,
May dampen their youthful zeal;
Their happy songs, on the thorny plain,
Attest the joy they feel.



Oh, happy youth ! with it's careless play,
 It's memory lingers long ;
 How oft we wish we could keep alway
 Repeating it's happy song !
 May the children who gather the berries sweet,
 Regardless of brier or thorn,
 Happily dance, o'er a golden street,
 In the light of the Judgment morn !



THAT LITTLE GRAVE UPON THE HILL.

Warm and bright the sun is glowing,
 Soft the balmy air ;
 On the trees the bright buds blowing
 Show their petals fair—
 A flower, sweeter, fairer still,
 Lies in the grave on yonder hill.
 Oh, gentle Spring, the earth caressing,
 Pleasant sight to me !
 Pictures of thy love impressing
 On each bush and tree—
 There rises in my vision still,
 That little grave upon the hill.
 Comes alternate joy and sorrow,
 In this life of ours,
 Thorns to-day may bloom to-morrow,
 With the richest flowers—
 Yet my poor heart is downcast still.
 While thinking of yon lonely hill.
 Bound am I by that sad token





Of the Savior's love,
Bound by chains to live unbroken
In the world above—
But yet my heart sad mem'ries fill
At sight of yonder lonely hill.

Tears of grief drive out the gladness
From this heart of mine;
I must ever bow in sadness,
I must still repine—
I can but see, look where I will,
That little grave upon the hill.

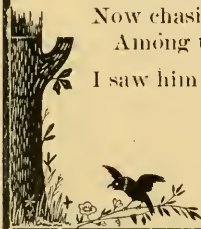
That lost one yet I may recover
On the other shore,
When I pass Death's dark stream over,
And shall grieve no more—
No sorrow there, no thought of ill
No lonely grave upon the hill.



THE DAY OF LIFE.

I looked to the East when the shadows were lifting,
I witnessed the gloom of night turning to gray;
I saw, o'er the hill-tops, the bright sunbeams sifting,
And heard the glad robins proclaiming the day.

Oh, beautiful vision! I saw a child playing,
I saw him romp happily over the lawn;
Now chasing the butterflies—now idly straying,
Among the sweet flowers that welcomed the dawn.
I saw him at noon-tide, the warm sun was shining,





Careless, he welcomed the heat of the day;
Bright were his hopes, and on them reclining,
He saw the great future spread sweetly away.

I saw him at even-tide, care-worn and weary,
Oppressed with a load he no longer could bear;
The future before him seemed barren and dreary,
When sweetly a voice fell on the night air:

"Oh, man, in thy sin, take heed to this warning—
Approach unto Him who can save thee from loss;
If again ye would live in the glory of morning,
Your burden lay low at the foot of the cross."

I saw him at night, when his eye-lids were falling,
I watched, as departed the last, fleeting breath;
His voice at the last on his Savior was calling,
And sweet was his peace in the slumber of death.

Life is a day—all sunshine at starting,
How eager the youthful heart longs for its noon!
Yet, once in the shade, the bright rays departing,
Ah, then do we tremble lest Death come too soon.

Our lives may be made all sunshine and beauty,
He who creates us has pointed the way—
It is but to follow the path of our duty,
The path that leads up to a Glorious Day.





THE "COTTAGE ROSE."

A RURAL SKETCH.

I met her at eve, when lengthening shadows
Were settling down upon valley and hill;
Together we wandered over the meadows,
And heard the drear note of the wild whip-poor-will.

With sweet clover-blossoms her dark hair adorning,
A picture more beautiful never was seen;
Her eyes were as bright as the sunlight of morning,
And she moved o'er the earth with the air of a queen.

Ah, proud was I then of that beautiful creature,
How proud, my poor heart may never disclose;
As I gazed on her beauty of form and of feature,
I playfully named her my sweet "cottage rose."

Ah, sad, cruel fate, that is always deceiving,
The higher it leads us, the harder we fall;
I left my companion, fully believing
That I shortly would own her, my wife and my all.

Long months passed away—long months of repining,
Ere again I could rush to the home of my love;
Again was the sun of the Spring brightly shining,
And I heard the soft notes of the sad turtle-dove.

At the door of the cottage I saw my sweet charmer,
Impulsive, I gathered her into my arms—
But HER HUSBAND extended a greeting much warmer,
And the cottage rose up and filled me with alarms.



The house was the same, by meadows surrounded,
But the "old folks" had passed to the bright golden
shore;

The cottage inside with fierce echoes resounded—
And a twenty-pound youngster romped over the
floor.

Thus ended my dreams—my visions romantic,
Of "love in a cottage" and "sylvan retreats";
I left, in condition of mind almost frantic—
I'm "blest" if history this case repeats.

When next I engage in such a flirtation,
And try to "cut shines" with a gay country girl,
It will be when Reason has left her location,
Leaving my head in a chaotic whirl.

For, though I should live to be old as the mountains,
The lamps of the future will never disclose
That Reason has so nearly dried up her fountains,
That I will again claim a sweet "cottage rose".



FALLING LEAVES.

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLES FOSTER, KILLED IN A
RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

Dear Marth, I've spent this happy day among the
forest trees,
That shower down their beauteous leaves upon the
Autumn breeze
In shades of gold and crimson—in emerald and white.





And all the colors in the list, they show them pure
and bright.

I hear the music of the birds, in voices sweet and
clear,

That sing a touching requiem upon the fading year;
And, through the thickly-falling leaves, I see a train
rush by,

I hear, along the iron path, the engine's merry cry;
With sound of shrieking whistle, and clang of merry
bell,

I hear the tireless engine its heartless story tell:
"I go, as goes the train of Time, whose engineer is
Fate,

Throughout the morning's early hours—throughout
the evening late,

I take no note of human life, I care not who may fall
Upon my path—I crush them out, alike the great and
small—

For, though beneath a human hand I work by night
or day,

All mortal train-dispatchers I oft-times disobey;
And, like the soaring eagle sweeps, and stills the
young lamb's breath,

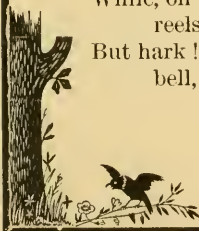
I oft-times fly my iron track, and crush my friends to
death."

* * * * *

The train is gone—far through the mist I hear its
rumbling wheels,

While, on the narrow iron bands the engine rocks and
reels—

But hark ! 'Tis coming back again, I hear the engine
bell,





But this time 'tis the solemn sound that tolls a
funeral knell.

Another leaf has fallen low beneath the Mortal tree—
Has reached the gates that stand ajar, dear Marth,
for you and me;

Another leaf has blown along toward the golden
shore,

Another leaf lost to our sight till Time shall be no
more.

* * * * *

Now still the merry train runs by—now still the dead
leaves fall,

But Charley Foster hears no more the train-dis-
patcher's call;

His Railroad days are over—and, with the whistle's
cry,

Is mingled, in the saddest strain, the lonely widow's
sigh.

And now the engine's wheezing breath, and now the
clanging bell,

Seem ever to be telling the tale of how he fell;

Now, on the great immortal road o'er which our
friend has gone,

He signals, with a brighter light, his weeping com-
rades on.

How bright the hope we have in Death—of better
days to come,

When, all our earthly labors done, we "board the
train" for Home!

And, safely gathered over there, and bound in golden
sheaves,

We find those missing ones of earth—we find our
fallen leaves.





THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

Swings majestic to and fro,
While the echoes come and go—
Gladsome story does it tell—
Day by day, the old church bell :
 "Ding—dong—ding,"
 Sweet the echoes ring ;
 Let the solemn music swell,
 Loudly ring the old church bell.

Gaily swells its cheery voice,
While, beneath it, hearts rejoice ;
Now its clanging, far and wide,
Call the bridegroom and the bride :
 "Dong—ding—dong,"
 Hear its happy song ;
 In those fond hearts what raptures dwell,
 While rings the happy old church bell !

Now its tolling, soft and slow,
Calls to hearts bowed down with woe ;
Up the aisles, with measured tread,
Move the bearers with the dead :
 "Toll—toll—toll,"
 Sadly the echoes roll—
 A sadder tale no tongue can tell,
 Than rings the mournful old church bell.

Than earthly cares that 'round me play,
Than earthly joys that soon decay,
This old bell, whene'er it rings,





Speaks to me of better things :
 "Dong—ding—dong,"
 I hear its mellow song—
 Falls on my ear like some weird spell,
 The ringing of the old church bell.

Oh, may its ringings ever be
 Harbingers of joy to me ;
 May its music ever fall
 Sweetly on the hearts of all !
 "Ding—dong—ding,"
 Let the glad echoes ring—
 Till every human heart shall swell
 With joy to hear the old church bell.



THE OLD DESERTED SHAFT.

Grim and gray, in the shades of night,
 I see it standing, a lonely sight,
 Now undisturbed by the miners' call,
 The hoisting-house, with its chimney tall,
 Of the old deserted shaft.

Rusted the boilers, brown and old,
 Crumbling down is the furnace cold ;
 Pulley and cog-wheel creak no more,
 For the days of busy toil are o'er
 For the old deserted shaft.

The cables that drew the "diamonds" dark,
 From the regions lit by the mine-lamp's spark,
 Are worn and broken, or thrown away,





And tell the tale of the sad decay,
'Round the old deserted shaft.

No more the song of the merry crowd,
Or the boisterous laughter, ringing loud,
Breaks on the breath of the breezes cold,
That ever raise from the gloomy hold
Of the old deserted shaft.

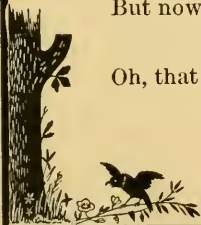
Where are the miners who gaily sang—
Where are the picks that loudly rang?
We peer in the gloom, and we loudly call,
But they answer not—it is silent all,
this old deserted shaft.

Gone are the miners who labored then—
Those sturdy boys are now strong men;
They labor now in the world's great mine,
And we see no more the dull lights shine.
In the old deserted shaft.

Sad is the story the old shaft tells—
Touching the lesson that 'round it dwells:
"I freely gave of my humble store—
They took my all, and they came no more,"
Says the old deserted shaft.

"While up from my depths my store I raised,
Friends drew near me, flattered and praised—
Gazed with pride down my yawning brink—
But now, alas, they rarely think
Of the old deserted shaft,"

Oh, that my poor life, thou gloomy mine,



Be far removed from the course of thine !
 Let not the friends who applaud to-day,
 In gloomy hours put me away
 Like the old deserted shaft.

When Time's great book has been unsealed,
 And the work of the ages stands revealed,
 Bright in the honored names enroll'd,
 We may see, in letters of purest gold—
 "The old deserted shaft !"

Giving up all of its precious store
 That man might live—it could do no more ;
 Peaceful, contented, it stands at last,
 And we count 'mong the things of the fading Past
 The old deserted shaft.



THE MARKED BEECH.

Beneath the beech-tree's branches, this pleasant summer day,
 I sit and watch the wild birds that merrily hop and play ;
 I hear the water murmuring, where runs the little rill,
 And the pheasant's rapid "drumming" upon the neighboring hill ;
 I hear the soft winds sighing among the stately pines,
 I hear Æolian music as it swells in measured lines ;
 It seems the voice of angels, as it sweetly falls
 around—





Now floating from above the pines—now sweeping
o'er the ground.
It seems as though some wondrous gift—some sudden
power of speech,
Has centered in the branches of the far out-spreading
beech ;
A power of speech *has* centered here—it tells in letters
bold
Of little ones that 'round our hearts entwined their
threads of gold.
Their names within the living bark, with sharpened
“jack-knife” made—
Though absent from our circle now the hand that
drew the blade—
Recall the merry romping of their tireless little feet,
And we seem to hear their voices, in childish accents
sweet ;
The old beech stands a witness of scenes of long ago—
Upon its knarled and well-carved sides some names
but dimly show ;
Only a few fast-fleeting years, and we have passed
away,
Then other eyes will read the names, as we have read
to-day ;
And other minds—while from the birds the beech
with warbling rings,
Will list to Heaven's music, and think of holy things.



MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

Far down in the gathering shades of the West,
 The hot sun of summer has gone ;
 The earth in the dull robes of twilight is dress'd,
 And, dreading no longer the heat that oppress'd,
 The fowls of the barn-yard are seeking their rest,
 And the night wears lazily on.

How lovely and peaceful is nature to-night !
 How sweet is its balmy repose !
 On the Western hills glimmer the last rays of light,
 As the great Orb of Day moves away in his night,
 And we joyfully welcome the Queen of the Night,
 And the sultry day draws to a close.

The faint moonbeams kiss a sweet face on the wall,
 A face I can never forget ;
 Ah, sweet were the days that those features recall,
 The memory still holds my heart as a thrall,
 Those scenes of my childhood—how plainly they all
 Are stamped on my memory yet !

Those eyes that oft watched me with tenderest care,
 As I romped in my infantile play,
 The same eyes still look from the gloomy frame there,
 The same gentle features, the same glossy hair—
 The saintly lips pleading to carry a share
 Of my joys and my sorrows to-day.

Thou joy of my childhood—thou noblest of friends,
 If to angels the power is given,
 While thy child 'neath the cares of this sinful world
 bends,





While my weak song of praise and devotion ascends,
While the word of the Master a brighter hope lends,
Draw near, and teach me of Heaven.

Tell me of the joys of friends who have gone—
Teach me, as cannot another;
Be thou the light that shall beckon me on,
Till the harbor of peace and of rest I have won,
And there, in that land more bright than the sun,
I still bless the name of MY MOTHER.



DEACON SLASHER ON SHOWS!

Now, Martha, 't aint fur me to say that every show
is wrong,

We find some *good* commingled with the *bad* that
comes along;

Now *I* like to see the circus move along the crowded
street—

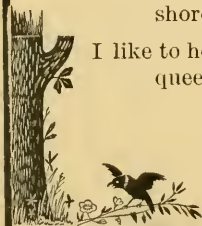
The elephant, with swinging trunk, the bands with
music sweet.

I ever linger near the tent, with innocent desire,
To see the woman, scanty clad, walk up the sloping
wire;

I love to hear the smart man, about the side-show
door,

Tell of strange and cur'us things from many a furrin
shore.

I like to hear the showman tell—although to me it's
queer—



How, if I pay ten dollars down, I'll make a hundred
clear;

All these I see, an' listen to, an' feel it is no sin,
Because I hev no evil thoughts, an' put no money in.

Wicked? Course it's wicked, if I go in an' pay,
An' give those lazy wicked men my cash to take
away;

But even after we had stayed, an' all the circus
viewed,

How easy to repent agin, an' hev our faith renewed!

An' when I've thought the matter o'er, I've wondered
now an' then,

Why all the travelin' shows that come are run by
sinful men;

Now *my* way is fur godly men to furnish all the
plays—

The man who runs a moral show should be a man
who prays.

An' I hev offen thought if we should organize a
show,

The influence would be excellent, a better taste would
grow;

There's Sister Toss could ride a horse, in "tights"
an' shortened gown—

With Brother Crump for Ringmaster, an' Brother
Spraggs fur Clown.

Then we must hev some animals, or else the show
would fail—

Just put a closely-fittin' coat, with long an' slender
tail,





Upon the form of Brother Pink, an', Martha, you
would see

As fine an ape as ever played upon a cocoa tree.

There's Deacon Bluff, the basso, who, when the tent
was full,

Down on all fours, a bellerin', could play the buff'ler
bull;

Then little boys from Sabbath School—sure it would
be no sin—

Could peddle roasted pea-nuts 'round an' bring the
money in.

"Ah, Deacon," said his solemn dame, "I see you are
inclined

To let the Tempter capture you, but you will surely
find

That if the Christians' Paradise is ever to be won,
Appearances of evil things you must forever shun."

But, Martha, think what we might do, in money-
makin' way,


As harmless, and as innocent, as little lambs at play!
While looking at the show our time in harmless joy
is spent—

One look beneath the surface reveals the good intent.

An' the good or bad opinion our people hev of shows
Often depends on knowin' just where the money goes;
An', Martha, though I hev no cash in sinfulness to
spend—

When the next show comes along, I MAY, I MAY AT-
TEND!





HALF-MAST THE FLAG!

ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

Lower the flag! The muffled drum's low beat
Tells the sad tale so often told before;
Its gloomiest page does History repeat—
A Nation mourns her fallen chief once more.

Lower the flag! While softly 'round his bier
We gather, all, with swiftly beating hearts,
While quick from every eye the blinding tear,
At memory of his many virtues, starts.

Lower the flag! A Nation's greatest son
We see by foul assassin's hand laid low;
He sleeps beneath bright laurels, nobly won—
A Nation gave him all she could bestow.

Lower the flag! From sunny Southern fields
Indignant voices float upon the breeze,
While the great North in deepest sorrow yields,
To this most dread of all Fate's dread decrees.

Lower the flag! While from the Western pines,
There comes a dirge that reaches to the skies:
The Western dirge with Eastern wail combines—
In agony a mighty Nation cries.

Though seemingly his stay has been but brief—
His greatest service had but just begun,
We bow our heads, and, choking down our grief,
Exclaim, with reverence, "Thy Will be Done!"





THE LAND OF LIGHT.

There's a Land of Light,
Where the angels bright,
 Their songs of glory sing;
There's a land of Love,
In the world above,
 Where Holy Anthems ring.

CHORUS—

How sweet to dwell in that Land of Light—
That home beyond the skies!
To live a life that is ever bright,
In a day that never dies.

There's a Land of Day,
Far, far way,
 There's a land of perfect bliss;
There's a land where sin
Ne'er enters in—
 There's a better world than this.

CHORUS—

There's a Land of Rest,
Where spirits blest
 Enjoy a sweet repose;
Where seraphs dream,
And where the stream
 Of jop forever flows.

CHORUS—

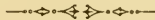
Oh, that my soul
May reach that goal,



My prayer shall ever be—
And there at last,
All sorrows past,
Find refuge with the free.

CHORUS—

There to rejoice,
With new-found voice,
While sweetest music swells;
And soft and clear
Falls on the air
The sound of Heaven's bells.



CHILDREN'S SONG.

Oh, come, ye dear children, and ramble with me,
O'er meadow and woodland—how happy and free!
The young lambs are playing, the birds sweetly sing,
The trees in the woodland with melody ring.

CHORUS—

May our hearts forever sing
Happy songs of Faith and love,
Songs of Faith shall ever bring
Sweet responses from above.

The cattle are browsing in brightly-green fields,
To the march of the plowman the mellow earth yields;
The robin is building her nest in the hedge—
The frog gaily croaks at the rivulet's edge.

CHORUS—

We will learn, as we wander a lesson of love,





From the work of the Infinite Teacher above,
 Whe teaches the frog, and the bird, the glad song,
 Which they croak, and they sing, the Summer day
 long.

CHORUS—

The Father, who gives us the trees and the flowers,
 Keeps watchful care over these young lives of ours;
 Not one of us ever shall wander astray,
 If we follow where Jesus has pointed the way.

CHORUS—

Praise, praise His dear name! Let hozannas resound
 Till our song of devotion shall echo around;
 Till each youthful heart shall repeat the glad word
 "Praise Jesus of Nazareth! Praize ye the Lord!"

CHORUS—



SILVER BELLS.

ON THE SILVER WEDDING OF ELDER Z. W. FAGAN AND WIFE.

Our hearts are filled with joy to-day,
 The world is full of light;
 And 'round yon happy household play
 A host of memories bright.
 What joy to spend a passing hour
 Where Heaven's music swells,
 And hear in all their tender pow'r,
 The chime of silver bells.
 Along life's stream we swiftly glide,



By many a rippling wave,
And, on life's stormy, troublous tide,
Unnumbered dangers brave;
Yet, as we float toward that land
Where peace eternal dwells,
There falls, as from an angel band,
The chime of silver bells.

We pause, we linger by that home,
Where reigns God's saving grace,
And pray that sorrows ne'er may come
To mar that happy place.
Our sweet communion with those friends
No earthly joy excels,
While sweetly, softly, there descends
The chime of silver bells.

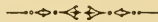
The beauteous light of Friendship falls
Upon the social throng,
And through its rays Love sweetly calls,
In notes of happy song;
Yet far above this music rare
There comes, in fitful spells,
Floating upon the Autumn air,
The chime of silver bells.

God's silver tokens soon, ah, soon,
Will on their heads unfold;
For them life's sun has passed its noon—
Our friends are growing old.
Yet, in the light of Faith we sing,
Our Faith all Fear dispels—
For them will never cease to ring



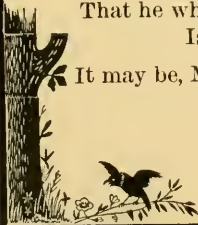


This chime of silver bells,
 When time with them shall be no more—
 Eternity at hand,
 And, on that other, better shore,
 They join the angel band—
 Their influence will linger still,
 And still, in echoing swells,
 Be heard, by many a vale and hill,
 This chime of silver bells.



BEECHER GOES WRONG!

Dear Martha, I've been readin' in the papers,
 Lately, from time to time,
 That Beecher has been cuttin' up wild capers
 'Bout Gospel Truth sublime.
 They say he has gone back on all his preachin',
 As well as all his flocks;
 And in his later days he has quit teachin'
 Things purely orthodox.
 And now he's jined Bob Ingersoll's dark legions,
 So the papers tell;
 And believes no more in the Infernal Regions—
 No, Martha, nary Hell.
 He believes there is no future bliss or sorrow,
 Nor glittering harps of gold—
 That he who seeks from future worlds to borrow,
 Is always sadly told.
 It may be, Marth, there's many a foolish teacher,



That daily roams about,
But yet they do not wait, like Mr. Beecher,
So long to find it out.

As for me, I'll believe the good old story
Of "Jesus and His Love,"
And hope to live in everlasting glory
In happy worlds above.

I care not for the the Ingersolls and Beechers,
Whose notions clash with mine;
I listen not to sich erratic preachers
About all things divine.

No earthly talk our Christian faith can sever,
We'll sing the good old song;
For, don't we know that Beecher has been ever
A Tilton towards the wrong?

Triumphant over every form of evil,
We'll shout the Christian's shout;
Leaving Ingersoll, and Beecher, and the Devil
To fight their battle out.



ONLY A BROKEN HEART!

Jim approached, with beating heart,
And peered into the room,
And wished the old man soon would start—
That he might hear his doom.

But, while the bracing evening air
His drooping spirits strengthened,





Upon the tell-tale curtain there
The shadow only lengthened.

The wind grew cold—the hour grew late
And still Jim's heart was thumping;
He longed to give that "old bald pate"
A most ferocious bumping.

At last poor Jim still closer crept,
And peeped beneath the curtain;
He thought the old man surely slept—
And so he did, "for certain."

And oh! he sees Malinda's charms,
So exquisitely moulded—
But in another fellow's arms
She is most tightly folded.

Jim left, with gloom upon his brow,
His tones were soft and mellow;
He blessed the old man's frosty pow—
But cursed the other fellow.



AUTUMN DAYS.

The Autumn leaves, in red and golden showers,
Are falling fast,
Upon the winds the dead and withered flowers
Are wildly cast.

In wood and field the watchful hunter hovers,
With doubtful aim—



With ready gun, and nervous hand, he covers
The bounding game.

The blue-jay sends his harsh and boisterous greeting
From woodland dell;
The school-boy hears, with heavy heart, the beating
Of school-house bell.

The chilly days of dreamy, sad November
Have come again;
Their fading beauties long will I remember—
But not with pain.

Along the course of time I'm swiftly flying,
With heedless speed;
About my way I hear the Fall winds sighing,
By bush and reed.

Bright precursors of the winter coming,
The snow-birds play,
And shadowy are the bare trees in the gloaming,
This Autumn day.

So, past the summer of life's way, I travel,
The shadows fall;
'Tis well the future I cannot unravel,
Nor read it all—

But trust that He who, from the earth ascended,
In clouds of light,
Will see my toilsome journey safely ended—
With promise bright.

Above the winter snow, or Springtime glory,
The angels sing;





And from on high send forth the gladsome story:
"Eternal Spring!"



A FIRESIDE REVERIE.

Fierce is the wind, from the cold North-land blowing,
Swiftly the snow whirls over the lea;
Brightly the coals on the warm hearth are glowing,
Bright as the thoughts that this night brings to me.

I gaze fondly after the years that are flying,
I see the coals light up a different scene;
Within a dark vale I see a camp lying,
While vigilant sentinels march on the green.

I see sturdy comrades repose in sweet slumbers,
I see their tents gleam in the fast-fading light;
While the strong breezes, in Æolian numbers,
Sing a drear lullaby through the cold night.

While I thus look, still swells the delusion,
I hear the harsh bugle-note break on the air;
Aroused from their slumber, the wildest confusion
Reigns in the midst of the soldiery there.

I see the bright fire-light on bayonets dancing,
Long ere the "reveille" heralds the dawn;
While the thunderous tread of noble steeds prancing,
Tells me that THOMAS moves gallantly on.

Oh, gallant commander—cool, patient and daring!
On red Chickamauga who "stood like a rock"!
Who hurled back the foemen, broken, despairing,





Each time they advanced to the death-dealing
shock!

No more shall the world see your strategic fighting—
Ynr skillful direction of saber and gun,
Nor see, 'midst the battle, your watchful eyes lighting
At the first indication of victory won.

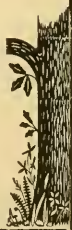
Though low lies your body, your fame shall not per-
ish—

Your gentle demeanor, your daring sublime,
A grateful Republic will constantly cherish
And write them in gold on the Tablets of Time.

My dream in the fire-light is suddenly shaded,
And, flickering low, but a faint light is shed—
The coals have died out, the picture has faded—
The comrades are scattered, the Chieftain is dead.

Long, long has the bugle-note ceased its alarming,
Long has the saber been merged in the plow;
The Angel of Peace, all foemen disarming,
Gives them an era of happiness now.

Never more may I see martial costumes adorning
The forms of the comrades I once learned to love;
Yet I trust we may meet, in the brightness of morn-
ing,
In peace and in joy in the Great Camp above.





THE GIRL WAS POOR.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS JENNIE MALONEY.

Again my wayward muse is off, in wild and varied
flight,
Though my weak pen but feebly paints my rambling
thoughts to-night;
Far down the quiet, dreamy hours, I hear the num-
bers ring,
And hear the echoes, answering, a solemn message
bring.
That message comes in warning words, yet holds a
lesson true,
A blackened glass—though still some rays of sunlight
glimmer through.

THE ALTAR.

Oh, sweet is the chorus of music up-raising.
Sweet are the tidings that float on the air;
Happy the voices that join in the praising,
While softly around falls the spirit of pray'r.
Proud heads are gathered to-day 'round the altar,
Meek hearts are turned to the Master above;
All pray that in duty they never may falter—
The rich and the poor share alike in His love.
Each prays that Jehovah may point out the duty
Which, faithfully done, would be sweet in His
sight;
Each prays for a life that is Christ-like in beauty—



A heart that endureth all things for the right.

THE DEATH-BED.

The tell-tale dews are gathering fast
 Upon that form of clay—
 Gone! Gone! That lovely life is past,
 Our friend is dead to-day.

No dainty hands upheld the head,
 Or soothed the fevered brow;
 They sit and mourn their sainted dead,
 Those little sisters, now.

But few of all the happy throng
 Whose praising voices blend
 In singing each glad altar-song—
 Their cheering presence lend.

Around God's death-bed altar, none
 Are met to sing and pray;
 But Christ comes, radiant as the sun,
 And bears the soul away.

But few who hear the great church-bell
 The wintry storm endure;
 Few hear the last sad anthem swell—
The dying girl was poor.

It may be that my fancy errs, to paint such scenes as
 this,
 It may be that I shall not reach a land of future bliss:
 But if a Christian heart does not the wail of sorrow
 heed,



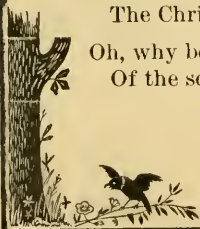


Then, at the call of sense, and right, I'll seek some
better creed;
I care not for the show of wealth—though wondrous
fair to see—
An honest, warm and noble heart is just the creed
for me;
A heart that treasures friendship's touch—that hears
distress' cry,
That fills with noble deeds the years so swiftly rush-
ing by;
A heart with love for all mankind—alike the great
and small,
That thought of malice never holds, but charity for
all;
A heart imbued with love divine—that sings a sacred
song,
A monitor that guides and guards the soul against
all wrong.
I cast aside all other creeds, no matter what they be—
For, such a God-like heart as this is just the creed for
me.



THE BETTER LIGHT.

Oh, why should I wander in darkness so long,
Oh, why should I linger in doubt—
While around me I hear the sweet chorus of song,
The Christians' victorious shout?
Oh, why be a slave to the harrowing fears
Of the scornful opinions of men?



When Jehovah Immortal in Judgment appears,
Oh, what shall the scorner say then?

My soul in the darkness of midnight awakes,
I see the dark sky growing bright;
In the East the bright Sun of Righteousness breaks,
And my soul is enveloped in light.

'Tis Jesus of Nazareth speaks to my soul,
And sweet the glad messages fall;
Upward my song of devotion shall roll,
To the throne of my God and my All.

The voice of the tempter may woo me in vain
From the vision mine eyes have beheld;
My Savior the path of my duty makes plain,
And sees all my doubtings dispell'd.

Though shadowy clouds come over my sky,
And my path be surrounded by sin,
The voice of my Savior still utters the cry:
"At the strait gate enter ye in."

Oh, let my poor heart still echo the sound,
And sweet be the gladness it brings!
And sweet my rejoicing, while softly around,
Heaven's pure melody rings!



THE TRUTHFUL ORATOR!

I sit by the half-open window,
And gaze at the gathering night;
I see in the shadowy distance,
A fitful glimmer of light.





I hear the voice of the "statesman,"
Boisterous, piercing and loud;
As, with great assumption of wisdom
He harangues the weary crowd.

He spouts of "reform" and "retrenchment"—
Of things that ought to be done;
And "he'll show, if we put him in power,
Something new under the sun."

He talks of "the duty of freemen,"
Of great deeds done in the past;
Yet he dodges the point where History
On his party its dark shadows cast.

He tells of his love for the soldier—
(Oh, impudence most sublime!)
He is taught that prevarication
Must not be considered a crime.

As I listen there rises before me
A vision of days gone by;
I see the brave boys marching forward,
To labor, to suffer and die.

I hear the fierce roar of the battle,
I see ghastly heaps of the dead;
And see this same orator grinning,
As the heart-breaking message is read.

He rejoiced in the death of the "hireling,"
He rejoiced when the legions in gray
Trailed in dust the glorious old banner—
And he holds the same feelings to-day.



His curse of the "Old John Brown Raider"
 Has scarce died out on the air—
 Yet to-night he would fain overload him
 With praises and compliments rare.

I hear his Munchausen-like stories,
 And, as the time quickly flies,
 I shudder to think what a liar
 A man can be when he tries.

As to-night I hear his wild statements,
 And think of the days long ago,
 I fear, lest the Lord, in his wis wisdom,
 Shall smite him and SEND HIM BELOW.

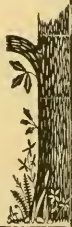


THE COAL MINER.

Away from the glare of the morning light—
 Hid from the rays of the sunbeams bright,
 Close in his darkened room,
 In an atmosphere that is dull and damp,
 His only companions his pick and lamp,
 The miner works in gloom.

From morn till evening his pick-ax swings,
 And the crumbling wall of his dark room rings
 From the blows of his sturdy arm,
 As he tumbles the ebony diamonds down
 'Neath a roof that hangs, with a lowering frown—
 And he feels not the least alarm.

For he firmly braces his narrow way,





As he labors onward, day by day,
Through the dark and varying vein,
And he carefully lays the narrow track,
And brings the fruits of his labor back
Till he sees the light again.

The mill, the furnace, the parlor grand,
Look to the work of his ready hand
For food for their cheering fires;
And the pleasant knowledge of doing good
While earning his portion of daily food,
The miner's heart inspires.

Let wealth not sneer—let pride mock not
The humble sphere of the miner's lot,
He's the peer of any man;
While wealth is tippling its vintage old,
The miner toils in the damp and cold,
And does what good he can.

Oblivious all to the sunbeams bright
The miner toils in an endless night,
By his flickering lamp's dull glare;
With a tireless strength, and a careless song,
Happy, contented, he toils along,
In the damp and musty air.

All hail to the miner with pick and pail,
And heart that in danger will never fail,
And a spirit bold and free!
As he toils and sings in the mine so damp,
With a heart more light than his blazing lamp,
Who so happy as he?



THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT CRANK.

It is an ancient cranky man,
With wild and roving eye;
He halteth all who come his way,
They ne'er may pass him by.

The church-bell clangs its loudest tones,
The throng is gathering fast;
He stoppeth all of three strong men
Who fain would hurry past.

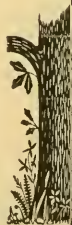
"Keep thou away, thou gibing ape!
Why should we tarry here?
The church-bell rings, the house is full,
The organ tones ring clear."

"I, too, have sought the Living God,"
The ancient crank replies;
"And learned to look to Him in faith—
That faith which never dies.

"I looked to Him at even-tide,
I looked to Him at morn;
I trusted Him to make my hay,
And plow my weedy corn.

"Whene'er my harvest ready stood,
Ripe for the reaper's hands;
I trusted Him to house my grain,
And till my fertile lands.

"I prayed to Him to feed my stock,
And keep my fences strong;





I trusted Him to do the work—
I prayed, the whole day long.”

“Why, what of this, to us,” they cried,
These three impatient men;
“Behold! the service has begun,
The organ peals again.”

“But hold thee!” said the cranky man,
“The half is yet to tell;
From morning light to dusky eve
I prayed and worshiped well.

“But all this time my crops did fail,
My fences tumbled down;
And ruin stared me in the face
When came the autumn brown.

“The weeds choked down my growing corn,
My hay with thistles grew;
My stock roamed sadly o’er the farm,
As never feed they knew.

“With grim misfortune grasping me,
I only prayed the more,
Yet blessings came not, hut instead,
More scanty grew my store.

“I asked of her who shared my grief,
To give the reason why
I failed, while yet I watched and prayed,
And thus she did reply:

“‘Thrice blessed be the Divine command
That bids us *watch* and *pray*;



But if we WORK as well as WATCH,
We will succeed alway.'

"I heeded well those telling words,
I bless their wisdom still;
I watched, and prayed, just as before,
But labored with a will.

"I saw the meadows rich and green,
And blessed the waving plain;
I saw great fields of beauty rise
Rich with their stores of grain.

"I learned full well this blessed truth,
Which every man should know:
'Who *helps himself* his God will help,'
For He hath willed it so."

The loud church-bell had ceased to clang.
The three men passed along—
Nor will they, to their dying day,
Forgot this lesson strong.

And while they listened to the tones
Of sermon rich and clear,
"Who helps himself, his God will help,"
Rang in each listening ear."

And they who mocked the "jibing ape,"
And from his clutches shrank,
Now, from the fullness of their hearts,
Did bless the ANCIENT CRANK.





A WOODLAND REVERIE.

Tired, as I sat beneath a mighty oak,
And listened to the murmur of the winds
That now and then the solemn stillness broke—
Shaking the boughs whereon the wild bird finds
A home, and where the squirrels leap at play,
Or, scampering, drop the acorns by the way.

The measured clanging of a distant bell
Told where the youth, reluctant, dragged to school;
And childish shoutings rose in boisterous swell,
While thoughts of "master" cross, and stringent
rule,
Served to retard the pace of youthful feet,
That loitered carelessly along the street.

The cattle grazed, content, in pastures green,
And fattening sheep ranged on the verdant hill;
Through the network of branches, faintly seen,
Though plainly heard, the rushing of the rill,
That gently murmured o'er its pebbly bed,
Or through the narrow channel quickly sped.

While sitting thus, a presence seemed to come,
All unseen, though plainly felt and heard;
And while I listened—with amazement dumb,
There mingled with the sound of brook and bird
A voice, that seemed to come from bush and tree,
And thus, in silvery tones, it spake to me:

"Time is fleeting—Life is but a day,
And soon for thee will come the noon-tide hour;
Then let no useful hours be thrown away,



But labor while the master gives thee power.
Soon will begin to fade the vital spark,
As evening cometh, and the day grows dark.

In Life's great struggle, do not lag behind—
On every hand there's earnest work to do;
And all of Christian work is not confined
To lofty dome or ornamented pew.
Whether in Church, where pealing anthems
swell—
Or in the outer world, the work's as well.

In every blade of grass—each tree and flower,
Each singing bird that hops from bough to bough—
Go read the lesson of the Master's power;
The running stream, the breeze that fans thy brow,
And everything throughout Creation's plan,
May an impressive lesson teach to man.

Man's every righteous act is stowed away,
His every noble impulse noted down;
These will he find arranged on that great day
Like pearls, to form a cirelet for his crown—
On that great day, when he is called to meet
His earthly record, at the Mercy Seat."

The voice was gone—the birds were sing'ng still,
A happy chorus, in the forest deep;
And still the music of the babbling rill
Was heard, the same as when I dropped to sleep—
For there beneath the oak—alone with God,
I had been fast asleep upon the sod.



REMEMBER THE POOR.

The chill winds of winter blow fierce 'round my
door.

The snow drifts deep by the hill;
I sit here and watch the fagots that roar
As with sparks the chimney they fill—
And I think of the tenements, crazy and old,
With scarce door or window secure;
I hear the storm blowing, so bitter and cold,
And pray God to pity the poor.

As a shepherd who carefully watches his sheep,
And shelters them safe from the storm,
Oh, may He protect the mothers that weep—
May He keep the little ones warm.
While, happy, I sit by my fireside bright,
Happy children romp over the floor;
Yet I know there are hearts that are aching to-night,
In the homes of the suffering poor.

While the cold night winds so mournfully sigh,
As in grief o'er the dying year,
While the feathery flakes go whirling by,
And the storm beats loud and drear—
In my heart there springs an earnest desire
To give of my humble store;
For he but lends to the merciful sire,
Who gives to the suffering poor.

Oh, may Selfishness find no place in my heart,
But may nobler feelings prevail;
May I ever be willing to do a good part



In aiding the weak and frail!
 May the wail of the suffering, half-clad child
 Be heard in the land no more—
 No more may the shriek of the storm-winds wild
 Strike alarm to the hearts of the poor!



THE FARMER IS KING.

Oh, what is all the wealth of Art,
 Or beauties that it may impart?
 What are riches that depart
 On fleeting wing?
 The farmer with a dauntless heart—
 He is a king.

While the banker ponders o'er his books,
 The merchant stares with haggard looks;
 The student seeks the shady nooks
 In early Spring—
 The farmer, 'midst his fields and brooks,
 He is a king.

Let the politician wag his jaw,
 The lawyer ponder points of law;
 Or mechanic, with his plane and saw
 Make echoes ring,
 Still the conclusion we will draw;
 The farmer is king.

While raging tempests sweep the tide,
 And ruin palaces that ride





Upon the foamy billows wide,
 With canvas wing,
 The farmer views his fields with pride—
 He is a king.

He enters not the great turmoil
 Of fierce debate and angry broil;
 He seeks not for the public spoil,
 In "clique" or "ring";
 Contentedly he tills his soil,
 He is a king.

Let parties—by dissensions torn,
 And monarch, of his power shorn,
 Of all their griefs, and hopes forlorn,
 In anguish sing;
 The happy farmer plows his corn,
 He is a king.

At last, his peaceful form is laid
 Beneath his favorite elm-tree's shade,
 The last great debt of Nature paid;
 Then friends will bring
 Flowers, and deck the grave new-made,
 For the fallen king.



THE BOOK AGENT.

He sauntered in—a pleasant man,
 With warm and kindly smile,
 And ere his story he began
 We rather liked his style.



He rolled his eyes around about—
 Spoke of the rains—the wheat—
 And from a pocket he drew out
 A great "prospectus" sheet.

He started in the same old vein,
 His tongue ran fast and faster,
 The words came pouring out like rain—
 And of "wind" he was a master.

The flow was checked—it's force was spent,
 As when one dams a brook
 So we did him, as off he went—
 We did not buy a book.



THE HEROIC BLUE-BIRD.

Little bird, why softly sing,
 On that bough so gay—
 While the frost doth nip thy wing,
 Oh, why dost thou stay?
 Get thee South, my little hero,
 The mercury approaches "zero."

Now the snow is drifting high,
 And cold the Northern blast;
 Fly, my blue-bird, quickly fly—
 To the Southward, fast!
 Get thee South, my little hero,
 The mercury approaches "zero."

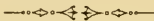
Dull and sad thy warblings sound
 To my freezing ears,





While the storm-blasts roar around—
 Hast thou still no fears?
 Haste thee South my little hero,
 While the mercury's at "zero."

Still the storm-winds came and went,
 Still I hear them roar;
 The trees and shrubs with ice are bent—
 I hear my bird no more;
 For the mercury passed "zero"—
 In the snow-drift lies my hero.



PASSING THOUGHTS.

ON THE WRECKING OF AN EXCURSION TRAIN,

I saw a party, gay—
 I saw them rush along,
 With shout, and jest, and song,
 Healthy, happy, strong,
 One summer day.

I heard a whistle, shrill—
 I heard wild music swell,
 As on the dull air fell
 That party's gay "farewell,"
 Nor dreamed of ill.

The days fly swiftly on—
 The swiftly-rushing train,
 The music's wild refrain,
 I list for them again—
 But all are gone.



I see an eager crowd,
 Within a lighted room,
 With faces stamped with gloom,
 As though some dreadful doom
Hung like a cloud.

'Tis the telegraph I hear—
 The bravest heart appalls
 While the sad message falls
 And in the mind installs
An awful fear.

That whistle shrieks again—
 But it is far away,
 And at the close of day—
 “A Treacherous bridge gives way
Beneath the train!”

They are returning home—
 Again I see the throng,
 Not with shout and song,
 But mournfully along
The road, they come.

For He who ruleth all,
 Who counts the desert sands,
 Before whose great commands
 The stormy ocean stands,
Who notes the sparrow's fall—

Hath turned their joy to grief—
 Hath dealt the fatal blow,
 And caused sad hearts to know





That "pleasures here below"
Can be but brief.

'Tis the twinkling of an eye—
From healthy manhood's might,
To death's consuming blight—
When he takes his happy flight
Beyond the sky.

Then let us watch and pray—
That when our time shall come,
And we are summoned home,
God will dispel all gloom,
By endless day.



KEEP A TRUSTING HEART.

*"The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants; and
none of them that trust him shall be desolate.—P's. 34—22.*

Though the clouds may hang at morning
In the dull and silent sky,
Clouds that give us timely warning
That a tempest hovers nigh—
We may pierce the veil so cheerless,
We may rift the clouds apart,
If the soul be strong and fearless,
And if true the Christain heart.

Is the heat of noon oppressive,
When the sun's rays brightest fall—
Do our burdens seem excessive?
There's a soothing balm for all;



There's a great hand ever ready
Kind assistance to impart,
If our faith be strong and steady,
And we keep a trusting heart.

Do the shades of evening hover
With a dull and gloomy frown,
And our path with shadows cover,
Ere life's sun has settled down ?
If in faith our eyes uplifting,
We may see the shadows part,
And, through many a crevice sifting,
Blessings for the trusting heart.

For the Psalmist thus hath spoken—
'Tis a message from on high—
When the human heart is broken,
Then our Lord is ever nigh ;
When the world looks dark, despairing,
We may bid all fears depart,
If, His love and blessing sharing,
We but keep a trusting heart.

Though God's children be afflicted—
Doubting, fearing, seem to fall—
As the Psalmist hath predicted,
He will bless and keep them all;
He will cause the spring of gladness
In the darkest soul to start,
He will drive away all sadness,
If we keep a trusting heart.





AMERICAN WHISKY.

Jim Doolan was the toughest lad
Who lived in Tipperary ;
At every "fair" and every play
'Twas Jim who made it merry.

But Jim had heard the golden tales
From o'er the ocean wide,
And longed to make himself a home
Upon the other side.

So, with his all packed in a trunk—
"Poteen" was in his "tank"—
He started for this Fairy-land,
The country of the "yank."

With buoyant heart he reached the shore,
He hummed a merry tune ;
And a voyage safe to celebrate,
He entered a saloon.

Now, of his pure "poteen" at home
A quart was joy to him ;
So, of this Yankee drink he filled
A tumbler to the brim.

He gulped it down—he looked around,
With wildly-vacant stare ;
Then sank upon that bar-room floor—
And perished, then and there.



"Write to me folks !" poor Doolan said,
 With his last, flickering breath—
 "Tell all the Tipperary boys
I died a natural death !"



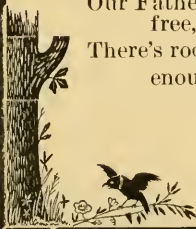
THE LAST "GOOD NIGHT!"

The sun seems fading out, Jane, the wind blows loud
 and high,
 And heavy clouds are sailing on athwart the summer
 sky;
 Dim grows the fading vision of these old eyes of
 mine,
 While these old ears can scarcely hear the strong wind
 shake the pine.
 Ah, time moves swiftly on, Jane, I see the shadows
 fall—
 And through the portals, opened wide, I hear my
 Master's call:
 But while I'm drawing near the gates, and long to
 travel through,
 I'd leave, while pausing on this side, a parting word
 for you;
 Though troubles may beset your path, and weigh
 your warm heart down,
 Remember, they who have no cross may never wear
 a crown.
 Though the world be harsh and cold, Jane, and hearts
 with sorrows bend,
 He loveth whom he chasteneth, and saveth in the end.





Oh, guard those darling boys, Jane, grandsons of
yours and mine,
About their youthful pathway, oh, let the true light
shine!
Teach them to shun the influence of town or city's
charm—
No evil can encompass them while working on the
farm.
Teach them to hold the Christian faith—that faith
so broad and deep
That all the frailties of mankind it scatters with its
sweep;
And while you teach them righteousness, this lesson
good impart—
That gratitude should largely dwell in ever Christian
heart;
Teach them to love their fellow-men, and, in the
world's great school,
Teach them that they be Christian men who keep
the Golden Rule.
I have had some success in life, I've always held my
own,
The kindness friends have shown to me, I have to
others shown;
I've always tried to shun the ways that merit For-
tune's frown,
And never tried to scramble up by pulling others
down.
Our Father's house, the universe, is ample, broad and
free,
There's room enough for all mankind—there's room
enough for me;



I've always——but ah, 'tis growing dark, I see the
 great clouds roll,
 I see them blending, all in one, to form a mighty
 scroll,
 Which bears upon its gloomy face, in letters pure
 and bright—
 "Well done, thou faithful servant, enter into light!"
 The clouds now slowly break away, I hear the great
 bells ring,
 And, to the time of tuneful harps, I hear the angels
 sing;
 I see new beauties rise to view, friends of my boy-
 hood days
 Are singing, sweetly singing, their songs of love and
 praise:
 I hear their soft and sweet refrain this simple story
 tell:
 "Who serves his God can never fail to serve mankind
 as well."
 I hear——ah, now the air grows chill——now fades the
 glimmering light!
 There, there! Dear Jane, 'tis going out! I long
 for rest! GOOD NIGHT!



FARMER BLYTH'S NEW YEARS REVERIE.

The Western wind blows cold, Jane, it chills my
 withered frame—
 The once young, restless spirit is now subdued and
 tame;





No more I hold the plow, Jane, nor swing the ax on
high
While you look on admiringly, to see the white chips
fly.
Ah, bright the Springtime dreams, Jane, when, 'neath
the leafy bowers,
We built our airy castles, and gave them walls of
flowers!
Life was naught but sunlight then, and, while our
love we told,
The rays beamed on our trusting hearts in glittering
showers of gold.
But clouds are sure to follow, Jane, and mar the sun-
lit way,
And bitter, blinding tempest take the place of sum-
mer's day.
I seem to-night to wander back and tread the long
path o'er,
And feel that, of my four-score years, I carry but a
score;
Then comes our wedding-day, Jane, I see the merry
throng
That gathered in the dear old house, with laugh-
ter, jest and song:
I see the years creep slowly by, with nought to love
but you,
Then greets me in our happy home, two eyes of heav-
en's blue;
Two little hands stretched out to me, and, greater joy
than this,
Two little lips put up each day to give the welcome
kiss;



I see those little hands grow strong—that youthful
head grow wise,
While naught but manly honesty shone out from
those blue eyes;
Upon the dear old farm, Jane, we labored side by
side—
No nobler heart nor readier hands e'er won a fath-
er's pride.
I see again the fateful day when, down the village
street,
Excited men were marching, while drums were loud-
ly beat;
And when our brave boy marched away as one of
that brave band,
We wondered if such tender eyes could guide a
bloody hand.
Time sweeps swiftly on, Jane, I hear the battle's
roar,
I hear the men shout "victory!" but hear *his* voice
no more;
They told me he was brave, Jane, and like a hero
died,
And upward through my choking grief, I felt a swell-
ing pride—
Yet sorrow gained the sway, Jane, and clouded o'er
my heart,
And on the downward path of sin I made the dan-
gerous start;
I sought relief in drink, Jane, you know the dreadful
tale,
We'll pass it by in silence—for mortal is but frail!





I drew near ruin's dark abyss—I hovered on the
edge,
You rescued me from danger then, and, Jane, I've
kept my pledge!
Yet the work was not your own, Jane, there is an
unseen power
Who watches o'er our every act—who guards us ev-
ery hour,
And though in His great wisdom He took our dar-
ling boy,
He has showered us with blessings, He has filled
our hearts with joy.
In all the swiftly-flying years, I have not lived in
vain,
God teaches me humility, and makes my duty plain.
We're traveling swiftly down, Jane, our race is al-
most run—
Perhaps another New Years Day may find our labors
done;
But when the time has come, Jane, and we are called
to go,
We'll enter into Heavenly joys—we'll leave our griefs
below;
And, with our darling joined, Jane, we'll walk in ho-
lier light—
That glad inheritance of those who fight the Chris-
tian's fight.



THE CHURCH DEBT.

Dear Marth, we'll never get it paid—the debt seems
mountains high,

We could not raise one-tenth the sum—so, what's the
use to try?

Two hundred dollars! Only think! And not a cent
in hand!

No church upon God's blooming earth such weighty
load could stand.

What! "Raise the sum by Socials?" No, Martha,
nary cent!

The means are surely sinful, though righteous the in-
tent—

What! "Let us men pay off the debt, and shun such
sinful ways?"

Ah, desprit hard to find is he, the man who freely
pays.

What! "A Social held already, an' fifty dollars
made?"

Really, now, at that rate, the debt would soon be
paid;

But, to patronize a Social, is to show a sinful heart,
And if you'll raise the rest without, I'll freely give
my part;

"How much money would I give to set the old Church
free?"

I really think that fifty cents would do right well for
me—

What! "Had another Social, an' fifty dollars cleared?"

Ah, now, dear Marth., we've reached the times that I
have allus feared.





Toward the sinful, worldly ways, we're travelin' by
degrees,

Whene'er we waste our money, attendin' things like
these—

Hey? "Two more Socials have been held, an' all the
debt is paid?"

Ah, Martha, of such wicked ways I've allus been
afraid;

The Social is a wicked thing—it makes the Christian
scoff—

But, after all, I'm really glad *we're* got the debt paid
paid off!

Now when I go to Church again, to listen an' to nod,
That load of debt will not loom up, to cloud my praise
of God.

And, while I'm opposed to Socials, on purely Chris-
tian ground,

I will admit they are, at times, good things to have
around;

And if I cannot have all men to walk my chosen
track,

The Lord forbid that I should try to hold another
back.

We should overlook each other's faults, and try to
live aright,

If we before our Father's face may walk in Holy
Light.

Now, Martha, though these Socials are fraught with
bad intents,

Of that two hundred dollars I've paid just TWENTY
CENTS!





THE SAFE LIGHT-HOUSE.

Come, Martha, dear, while from the hills the shining
brooklet springs,
And in the tall and nodding pine the red-bird's mu-
sic rings,
While overhead the sky is blue, and bright the sun-
beams fall,
And sharply from the tangled hedge we hear the cat-
bird call—
Come, let us wander forth to-day, and breathe the
balmy air,
And view the smile on Nature's face, that blooms so
sweetly fair,
And while we wander, let us learn, from bird, and
tree, and brook,
A long-enduring lesson, from Nature's open book.
I've thought, dear Marth, as down the stream my
bark has floated on—
While far behind I see the night, before I see the
dawn,
That everything in Nature's plan—each flower, and
stream and bird,
Each song among the forest trees, so soft, so sweetly
heard,
Is but the picture, magnified, of every human life—
Where grief gives way to pleasure, and joy gives
way to strife,
Where cloud and sunshine alternate, and rapture
smothers pain,





And hearts that bow in anguish soon are filled with
joy again.
How strangely intermingled, as we rush, the stream
along,
Are the wails of crushing sorrow, and the notes of
happy song!
We may praise the sun at morning, and bless his
presence bright,
Yet may clouds of gloomy darkness hang on our way
by night.
How like the running brooklet, in youth we dash and
play,
And gather in the tender flowers that bloom along
our way!
Our hearts are filled with songs of birds, we see but
beauty's beam,
And singing to the eddying waves, we dance along
the stream—
But soon, too soon, will gath'ring floods disturb the
rippling tide,
And then our lives be borne along in torrents deep
and wide;
Yet, while we ride the sun-lit waves, or plunge the
rapid fall,
A mariner who rules the seas keeps watch above
us all;
Though the waters dash about us, and dreadful bil-
lows roar,
And our frail vessels ride the waves, or dash against
the shore,
We can brave the storm in safety, and defy the
ocean's might,





If we but trust the mariner, and watch his beauteous
light.

Dear Marth., this billowy, rolling sea, which bears us
us swiftly on,

Will heave and murmur just the same when you and
I are gone;

These rolling waves on which the sun his light and
beaty sheds,

Forevermore will rave, and dash, and swell, above
our heads;

But, though we count as bubbles, now, upon life's
roaring sea,

'Mid all the rush and turmoil there's work for you
and me.

We may work amid the roaring waves, with strong
and willing hands,

And leave to those who follow us a wealth of golden
sands;

The roughest sea is smooth enough if but our hearts
are right,

And we keep our eyes fixed steadily upon the sacred
light.

What though the drift-wood strike us, and danger-
ous reefs appear?

That light will shine above them all, and make our
pathway clear.

Though Death's cold damp may dim our light, and
shut us from the land,

That mariner can hold us in the hollow of his hand.

That light still shines for you, dear Marth., that light
still shines for me,





And, following its bright luring beams, a voyage
 safe have we—
 Dear Martha, we will follow still, to us the light is
 given.
 That light which leads us forward is—the glorious
 LIGHT OF HEAVEN!



FOOT-PRINTS.

Somebody's darling is romping, to-day,
 Over the drifted heaps;
 While, past the scene of his boisterous play,
 The North-Wind coldly sweeps;
 Careless and free, with his rope and sled,
 He is rushing to and fro,
 And dull is the winter sun-light shed
 On the foot-prints made in the snow.

Out from the fire-side, cosy and warm,
 Wander the infant feet,
 Into the face of the driving storm—
 Into the drifted street:
 Borne on the breath of the storm-wind wild,
 The glad shouts come and go,
 That tell of the place where somebody's child
 Makes foot-prints out in the snow.

Out from the hovel, where smoke and gloom
 But chill the warm young souls,
 Somebody's loved one flies from the room,
 And into the snow-drift rolls;
 No cast may distinguish the rich from the poor,



Alike their young hearts glow,
For the child of wealth by the hovel's door
Makes foot-prints out in the snow.

Ah, pure young hearts! Could they ever be
Kept free from Folly's chain,
And, through the voyage upon life's sea,
Know nothing of storm or of pain!
But the clink of dollars may drown the joy
We felt in the long ago;
And the rich *man* forget the generous *boy*,
And the foot-prints out in the snow.

The strongest man is a "child" once more
When age has dimmed his pow'rs,
And he reads again, from Memory's store,
Of his childhood's happy hours;
And his heart returns, with a yearning love,
Through the years that swiftly flow—
To the merry hours when he played above
The foot-prints made in the snow.

Oh, that our hearts could be ever true
To the precept Christ hath given,
That we might walk, life's pathway through,
By the cheering light of Heaven!
And ever, with heart-felt joy, repeat
The happy shouts that flow
From the fleecy drift, where the little feet
Make foot-prints out in the snow.





“MERRY CHRISTMAS.”

The Christmas bells are chiming in many a steeple
tall,

The old year is retreating.

And happy hearts are beating—

While thoughts of Merry Christmas hang lightly
over all.

The wintry wind blows chill and cold against the
window-pane,

The snow-bird gaily flutters

About the creaking shutters,

And tells in joyful chatterings of winter come again.

The earth is dull and cheerless—the forests dead and
bare.

The wintry breezes sighing,

The dead leaves wildly flying,

Make up the dreary spectacle of winter everywhere.

The sun pours down a fitful light upon the landscape
brown,

With many a flitting shadow,

Over wood and meadow,

Until upon the Western hills he hangs his golden
crown.

Thus the shadows come and go, throughout life's
changeful way—

Light and shade descending,

Joy and sorrow blending,

While pleasure and despondency alternate hold the
sway.



To-day we see, with gladdened eyes, the pleasures of
the world,

 We think not that to-morrow,
 Bowed down with deepest sorrow,
We may along the ever-changing stream of time be
whirled.

Young hearts around the Christmas-tree are filled
with joy sincere,

 While happy voices singing,
 And laughter loudly ringing,
Compose a pleasant requiem upon the dying year.

Dear hearts! May all the future years find them as
light as now!

 While Care with ruthless fingers,
 About their pathway lingers,
May he ever fail to trace his mark upon each brow.

Age feels the fire of youth again, and joins the boisterous call—

 And while the bells are ringing,
 The sweetest memories bringing,
Let all repeat the happy shout: "A Merry Christmas
All!"





ONE CHRISTMAS!

Not the "Merry" One!

Kriss Kingle sat on the chimney old
Braving the blasts of the winter's cold.
As the steeple clock struck the midnight chime,
Kringle was joined by Father Time,
The pair descended the chimney black,
The one with his glass—the other his pack.
And cautiously entering the room below,
Lightly shook off the gathered snow.
Then Kriss looked about, with a dubious leer,
Partly of doubt, and partly of fear.
Then, turning to Time, with a shake of the head,
And trembling voice, Kriss Kingle said:
"This is not the bright home I know,
That I visited one short year ago.
"Then this hearth shone bright and warm,
While raged without the wintry storm.
"Two bright children sweetly slept
In that bed there, while I softly crept,
"And four new stockings filled heaping o'er
With presents fine from my pack's full store.
"Two parents were wrapt in slumber profound—
And peace and happiness reigned around.
"But now the picture is sadly changed,
The room is squalid and disarranged;



‘Where I then saw happiness now I see woe—
Pray tell me, good Father Time, why is this so?’

“I give,” said Time, “to each mortal here
An allotted space for his earthly career.

“Some improve the years as they go,
And seem content to have it so;

“Others, wearying of my slow pace,
Attempt to lead me a swifter race.

“And, heedless of the hearts that pray,
Rush headlong down on their sinful way.

“Where last year you saw that manly form,
There, by the fireside bright and warm,

“See, tossing alone, in a troubled sleep,
A faded woman, with eyes sunk deep.

“Where then the four new stockings were hung,
Two ragged and patched ones now are strung.

For one little pair of those infant feet,
Now tread, up yonder, the golden street.

“One little heart, with its load of care,
Has found a blessed release up there.

“Freed now from the stench of a drunkard’s breath—
For God is merciful, even in death.

“He who should be a protector here—
Who now sits tippling his poisonous beer,

“Who now is rushing his short life through,
Is shortening the time of these dear ones too.”





Then Kringle proceeded, while all was still,
The patched and tattered stocking to fill.

As his task was finished, a maudlin sound
Began to wake the echoes around—

Curses and imprecations wild,
Mingled with threats against mother and child.

Then a sudden groan smote the night-air chill,
Resounded a moment, and all was still.

Then Kringle turned to where Time stood
Viewing his glass in solemn mood.

The sounds had ceased; quiet reigned about,
The sands of the glasss had all run out!

Up through the chimney—out in the night,
Kriss Kingle hastily took his flight.

He saw, as he passed the dark street o'er,
The drunkard lay dead at his wretched door.

And, viewing the sad scene once again,
Said, "How strangely we mingle the joy and pain!

"From my store I left presents for mother and boy,
Which may serve to give them a moment's joy;

"But Time did the best for the suffering pair—
For the mother, worn, and the child so spare,

"When the drunkard's last sands he permitted to fall;
And death was the best Christmas-gift of all!"



RESPECT THE AGED.

His frame was bent with scores of years—
His brow was sad and pale;
And mindful not of scoffs or jeers,
He walked, with footsteps frail.

Some gawky boys "made sport" of him,
Some boys with manners rude;
And pranced before his vision dim,
In threatening attitude.

But carelessly he wandered on
Until, beside the way.
His failing eyes were fixed upon
A gallows, grim and gray.

With solemn air he eyed the beam,
Then viewed the urchins wild—
While lit his eyes with sudden gleam,
And gleefully he smiled.

"Life is," he said, "a fertile field,
And these the growing grain;
There's promise of a bounteous yield—
The harvest comes again."

Then, pointing to the gallows stair:
"These are the barnyard gates,
These sheaves will soon be carried there—
BEHOLD, THE REAPER WAITS!"





“TEXAS JIM!”

With eye of eagle and strength of bear,
With jingling spurs and martial air,
Stalwart of frame, and mighty of limb,
Such is the dangerous Texas Jim—

The man who eats his enemies,
The wonderful Texas Jim.

Into the bar-room, boldly he goes,
Caring not whether his friends or foes
Are they who gaze in wonder at him,
The war-like, man-eating Texas Jim—

The man who slays his enemies,
The frightful Texas Jim.

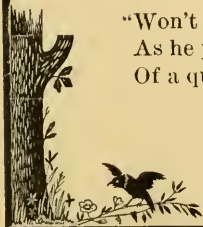
Knives and pistols his clothes contain,
A rifle across his arm is lain;
While just without, in the twilight dim,
Stands the stolen horse of Texas Jim—

The man who slashes his enemies,
The horrible Texas Jim.

“Any man want ter try me a few?”
Said Jim, as on the floor he threw
His old slouch hat, with its drooping brim,
The crowning beauty of Texas Jim—

The man who chops his enemies,
The bloody Texas Jim.

“Won’t fight, eh?” the ranger said,
As he planted a “stunner” upon the head
Of a quiet gentlemen, short and slim—



But that was the worse for Texas Jim—
The man who "chaws" his enemies,
The terrible Texas Jim.

That small man tumbled him upside down,
Battered his nose, and broke his crown,
Pummeled his eyes, till his sight was dim,
And he howled for mercy, this Texas Jim—
This man who murders his enemies,
This blood-guzzling Texas Jim.

Now you who this simple tale peruse,
When sauntering forth your foes to bruise,
Take heed lest your sails they roughly tim,
For roughly they handled poor Texas Jim—
The man who crushes his enemies,
The murdering Texas Jim.

Always in mind this lesson keep—
Be careful to look before you leap;
Look to the safety of life and limb,
Remember the error of Texas Jim—
The man who eats his enemies,
The dangerous Texas Jim.

Wherever you go, throughout life's span,
Be kind and civil to every man;
Never give way to a dangerous whim,
For such was the folly of Texas Jim—
The man who found the wrong enemy,
The badly-whipped Texas Jim.





“SCHOOL IS OUT!”

Silently the bell is hanging
In its lofty dome;
No more its loud and measured clanging
Bids the pupils come.

Gladly youthful hearts are dancing,
Filled with golden stores—
Gleefully young feet are prancing
From the school-room doors.

Now will black-boards, dim and dusty,
Grace the silent wall;
And the pens lie blunt and rusty,
Till the coming Fall.

Soon in meadow and in wild-wood,
Will their laughter ring;
In the hearts of happy childhood
Reigns eternal Spring.

Oh, may each one pass vacation
Without grief or care!
May no evil visitation
Touch these children fair!



THE OLD FORT.

Grim, lonely bank, upon whose rounded brow
The oaks, majestic, stand as pickets now,
Where hemlock, pine and poplar stand arrayed,
Upon the spot where once the firm stockade
Defied the onslaughts of the savage foes,
The flying arrows and the vicious blows,
What memories weird rest on this lonely scene—
What legends wild surround this forest green !
Where once the war-whoop broke from savage throat
The blue-jay, fearless, screams his uncouth note;
Where murderous rifles smote the air of Spring,
The black-bird peaceful plumes his jetty wing;
And naught recalls the strife of other days,
Save the low bank on which the chipmunk plays.
Yet does the bank, within the woodland dell,
In language plain its varied story tell.
Gone, gone are all—they have been hidden long,
The hands that made this rude embankment strong—
Gone are the walls, each log has disappeared,
Which those strong hands in friendly shelter reared;
Yet their example lives in memory still,
Those men of sturdy hands and iron will;
Theirs was the hardship—theirs the danger post,
Theirs to battle 'gainst the savage host;
And, ere their labors were allowed to cease,
They hewed the path for Progress, Joy and Peace.
So may we, who journey here to-day,
Upon the sod that wraps their mouldering clay,
When we are called from earth to that Great Home,
Leave lighter work for those who are to come.





THE ROBIN'S SONG.

*"Now unto God and our Father be glory for ever
and ever."*—Phillippians, 4—20.

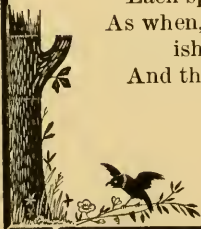
The sunlight on the Eastern hill
Bespeaks the rising dawn,
And through the twilight, soft and still,
The day is marching on;
From many a barren branch o'erhead,
The sweetest warblings ring,
And all about are freely spread
The signs of coming Spring.

Forth from many a narrow cell
The early grasses creep,
Where, like some sweet, enchanted spell,
The South-winds gently sweep;
The robin pours his warbling cry
To greet the opening day,
And far and near, and low and high,
Resounds his merry lay:

"Tis pleasant to greet the bright dew-drops at
morning,

'Tis pleasant to see the grass green on the lawn;
To see, in the East, the rose-tints adorning
The brightening sky which betokens the dawn.

Yet the jewels of morn ere sunset have vanished—
Each sparkling dew-drop is driven away;
As when, from the soul, all good thoughts are ban-
ished,
And the Spirit of Evil directeth its way.



I sang yesterday by a household of sorrow—
My song sadly blended with sorrow's deep cry;
But the shadows to-day may be sunshine to-morrow,
And the darkest cloud fade from a sun-lighted sky.

To-day I may sing where sunshine and beauty
Gladden the young lives around the hearth-stone;
Where loving hearts seek to discharge every duty,
And earth's cares and sorrows are ever unknown.

I pause not to see if the shadows may lengthen,
I strive by my singing to drive them away;
With a prayer to the Father my faint heart to
strengthen,

I warble my song through the gloomiest day.

By wealth's conscious smile or poverty's sorrow,
Thus, day by day, do I journey along;
Yet the cares or the joys of this world cannot borrow
One warbling note from the joy of my song.

The song of God's glory forever is ringing—
To me by Infinite Love it is given;
And while in these branches to-day I am singing,
My song is a part of the music of Heaven."

I looked again—the bird was gone,
But still his merry lay,
In my poor heart kept singing on
Throughout the balmy day.
Oh, that in life's great battle I
May do a glorious part!
And through joy's smile or sorrow's cry
E'er keep a singing heart.





And whether flowers may bloom in Spring
 Or snows in Winter fall,
 May I each day his praises sing,
 The blessed Lord of All!
 And like the robin, day by day,
 Infinite joys prolong,
 And sing God's love and praise away,
 In notes of happy song.



ON THE DEATH OF MRS. JUDGE TRIPP.

Now hangs the gloomy emblem on the door,
 And quiet reigns within the darkened room;
 We speak her name, but she replies no more,
 Though calls a voice within the settling gloom:
"Mother's Dead!"

Upon that casket—wreathed in snowy flowers,
 Which holds the form of her we loved so well,
 Where fall our tears in bitter, blinding showers,
 Flower and leaf this simple story tell:
"Mother's Dead!"

Now point the orphan to the God of Love,
 Tell of new beauties found beyond the sky—
 Tell of a meeting in the world above,
 But marvel not to hear the sad reply:
"Mother's Dead!"

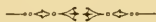
A golden ray of light falls from afar,
 To drive the shadows from our path away,



We see her live, a brightly-rising star,
 Yet intervening shadows seem to say:
 "Mother's Dead!"

Dead to us, though grandly living still—
 A glorious life, whose joy shall never cease,
 Where songs of praise the happy moments fill—
 And weary souls may find eternal peace—
 "Mother Lives!"

Dead—yet liveth! Oh, the happy thought—
 Oh, sweetest promise e'er to mortals given!
 Now, through the blest redemption Jesus brought,
 Her spirit, freed, has winged its way to Heaven.
 "Mother Lives!"



A PASSING CLOUD.

On a temporary reverse to the Temperance cause.

The shadows fall—along the darkening path
 Vainly we seek some cheering ray of light;
 The gloomy Heavens seem to look in wrath
 To see the evil triumph o'er the right.

Yet through the gloom we see the coming morn,
 Yet through the night behold approaching day;
 Nor shall we pause for each impeding thorn
 That rears upon the surface of our way.

A faltering heart will ne'er achieve success,
 But failure will attend a wavering will;





Happy the heart which, through a deep distress,
Can see the light of hope bright burning still.

Though mortal weakness of itself must fail—
Though mortal eyes are oft perverse and blind,
One rules above, whose power can avail,
To bless the world, and elevate mankind.

If we but look, with trustful eyes, to Him
Who rules the storm, who notes the sparrow's fall,
We soon shall see—though now our path be dim,
The light from Heaven shining over all.

Though sin may triumph for a fleeting hour,
Though evil minds rejoice with noisy glee,
Justice will come, and, by a word of pow'r,
Drive off the the clouds, and set our spirits free.

Speed on the work! Brave men are ready now,
To bear the banner on, with steady hand,
With giant hearts, and with a righteous vow,
To wipe this curse of mortals from the land.

Even now the gloomy night begins to fade,
Even now we see the signs of coming dawn;
We hear a sweet voice from beyond the shade—
It calleth to us all; "MARCH ON! MARCH ON!"



TO A CANARY.

Thou tiny warbler, from whose merry throat,
There issues such a joyous, happy note,
Couldst thou but know the joy thy song imparts
To weary, sad, and overladen hearts,
Thy glorious voice more frequent we would hear,
Swelling its notes of praise so sweet and clear.
Thy voice reminds me of my boyhood's times,
When, heedless even of the church-bell's chimes,
To the wild wood I ran, with eager tread,
And, listening to the sweet notes overhead,
Would wish that I like a wild bird could be,
And make my home in every forest tree.
But then, chill, freezing winter comes at last,
With ice, and snow, and fierce, tempestuous blast ;
The wild bird then must quit his song sublime,
And seek some warmer, more congenial clime.
Thy life is different; thou hast nought to do
But sing, and be content, the long day through ;
Nor care for winter's ice nor winter's snow,
Nor when thy wildwood cousins come and go.
A useful lesson from thy life we learn—
That no matter how for other scenes we yearn,
To accept that which indulgent Heaven has sent,
With deep humility, and be content.
And may we, whether life be short or long,
Make it, like you, one glad and happy song !





FLOWERS !

*On seeing a bouquet of flowers placed in the pulpit
at Church.*

Brighter than words these painted gems of thought,
Of fragrance sweet and coloring refined:
A pleasure by the hand of Nature wrought,
To touch the heart, and elevate mankind.

Oh, beauteous emblems of the loving heart—
Oh, fond expressions of the Christian will!
Though soon the petals fade, and fall apart,
Their influence will linger round us still.

What holy lessons teach the tender flowers—
What Heaven-taught beauties grace their slender
stems!

No crushing storms, nor drenching summer showers,
May kill the beauty of these tiny gems.

Blest be the life that finds, in things like these,
Sweet voicings of its inmost thoughts of love!
Happy the mind that in their beauty sees
A borrowed splendor from the world above.

Oh, may the soul that sent these emblems bright,
E'er keep the path by His true children trod;
And, in the rays of Heaven's purest light,
'Mid joys immortal, ever walk with God



JOY.

There's a joy in the summer morning,
When the sun is shining fair,
And the humming bees,
And the blooming trees,
Rejoice in the balmy air.

There's a joy in the sultry noon-day,
And peace in the quiet sky;
When through the flow'rs
The golden hours
Are swiftly rushing by.

There's a joy in the evening shadow
That steals o'er the heated ground;
When the fire-fly's light,
In glances bright,
Is quickly flashing 'round.

There's a joy in the peaceful glimmer
That hangs on the moon-lit hill;
When soft and slow
Eloats to and fro
The note of the whip-poor-will.

There's joy in a thousand fancies
That gladden the human soul—
And hearts are gay
As a summer day,
As the moments onward roll.

But there's many a lonely dwelling
Where joy ne'er enters in;
Where grief has come,





Through the curse of rum,
 And a life is filled with sin.
 And prayers ascend that freemen
 By their votes will drive away,
 Forever more,
 From each wretched door,
 The horrors that 'round it play.
 Let us rise to discharge of duty,
 As brave and honest men,
 And strike one blow
 At this horrid foe,
 Which shall bring us joy again.
 And the God who loves the widow,
 And hears the orphan's cry,
 Will drive away
 Each cloud to-day,
 From our calm domestic sky.



THE DEATH STREAM.

Here, beneath this sheltering tree,
 Bring my battered harp to me—
 Let me wring one measure more,
 From its widely-scattered store;
 Let the flying moments sing
 To its sadly-tuneful ring;
 Not in tales of heroes bold,
 Ruined walls, or castles old,
 Maiden fair, or lover true,
 Do its old chords ring anew;



From its soft and trembling strings
Yet a sadder measure springs:

Soft and still the summer morning
Opes before our dreamy eyes,
While the sun—the hills adorning—
Glimmers from the misty skies.

In the branches birds are singing
Songs of hope and love divine;
In our souls glad hopes are springing—
As we view the glittering shrine.

Thus full many a son in glory
Rises in life's morning light,
But is found—oh, sad the story—
Fallen ere the dreamy night.

Wisdom lures in vain his senses
As the sad years onward roll,
But a cruel fate dispenses
Death unto his weary soul.

As the sun at eve is sinking
Down the dark'ning Western sky
So the son—dread poison drinking—
Thus abrupt must sink and die.

Mothers' prayers and fathers' pleading
Cannot stay the deadly tide—
Sons and brothers, all unheeding
Plunge into the torrent wide.

While this horrid stream is flowing,
Flowing all along life's main,





Down to death pure lives are going,
To a death of endless pain.

Over all this stream is flying
Sounds of mortal griefs and fears,
While the hosts of angels, crying,
Wash its shores with bitter tears.

Soft the measure dies away—
Now its chords have ceased to play,
While its trembling echoes fall
Faintly, sadly, over all;
Still its grievous burden be
Song of human misery.
Oh, wake, my harp, to sweeter songs—
Happier themes than mortal wrongs,
Better, holier days to come,
When this horrid sale of rum
Be forever cast aside
And our God be glorified.
Neighbors, freeman, rally now.
With God's love upon each brow,
Do His bidding well and He
Will assure us victory—
Aid our efforts by his might,
And give us triumph for the RIGHT.



THE TATTERED COAT.

*"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth,
where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves
break through and steal."—Matt. 6—19.*

Heed him not—know him not—pass him by in dis-
dain,

As a creature unworthy of note;
What right has *he* to feel sorrow or pain—
Has he not on his life that indelible stain,
The curse of a tattered coat?

Though wearily dragging along life's way,
And pleasures be far remote,
"The signs of low breeding all over him play,"
For, does not his very appearance betray
The curse of a tattered coat?

What though his heart should sadden and break,
And the wail of despondency float
From the soul—more sad than tongue ever spake,
The sorrow be his, for "wealth cannot take"
The curse of a tattered coat.

Let those who respect such creatures as he,
Fine Scriptural passages quote;
And tell of the beauty of souls set free—
But the saddest misfortune forever will be
The curse of a tattered coat.

"Blessed are the meek," the Savior said,
And still the impressive note
Falls pure and sweet 'round the penitent head,





And a Father's blessing is richly shed
On the heart 'neath the tattered coat.

Thou God who created the rich and the poor,
What can all this sorrow denote?
Can it be that the soul or the life is impure,
Or, why are thy creatures thus called to endure
The curse of a tattered coat?

Oh, speed on the time when thy children shall all
To thy kingdom their efforts devote;
When the accents of scorn no longer shall fall,
And the child of humility never recall
The curse of the tattered coat.

When upward the sound of thy praises shall fly,
And through the blue ether shall float;
And Heaven shall hear and answer the cry—
Then, driven away by a bright summer sky
The curse of a tattered coat.



EVENING.

The shadows fall
Athwart the wall,
The sunlight gilds the eaves,
And through the trees
The summer breeze
Bestirs the clustering leaves;
The whip-poor-will
Calls from the hill
In cadence soft and sweet,



While through the glades
The cooling shades
Drive out the summer heat.

A peace, a rest—
A halo blest,
Hangs o'er the heated ground,
The fire-fly's light
Illumes the night
In brilliant flashes 'round;
The weary toil,
And fierce turmoil,
That life's pathway attend,
Into the past
Have flown at last,
Where glimmering shadows blend.

Still'd is the song
Of mortal wrong—
A holier strain instead,
Comes floating down
The shadows brown,
Upon each peaceful head.
A song of love
From realms above,
The dreamy senses greet,
And soft and clear
The evening air
The cheering notes repeat.

Thus, when life's day
Shall pass away,
And evening shadows roll





In cooling wave,
 And gently lave
 The toiling, wearied soul,
 May we behold
 A tinge of gold
 Athwart our sunset sky,
 Whose radiant pow'r
 Points out the hour
 When Jesus passeth by.



THE VILLAGE OF THE DEAD.

On yonder gently-sloping hill,
 Where the sun's first rays are shed,
 With its snowy columns, cold and still,
 Lies the Village of the Dead.
 Lowly laid in their silent sleep,
 Their mantle the virgin sod,
 They are heedless, all, of the friends who weep,
 For their sleep is the peace of God.
 Why mourn we over the crumbling clay
 That lies in the narrow cell?
 Their spirits are dwelling above us to-day,
 With the Master who loves them well.
 We may cover the mounds with tender flowers,
 We may view them with tearful eyes;
 Yet naught to them is this grief of ours,
 For it may not pierce the skies.





TELEGRAPHERS' REUNION.

"Open the key!" Along the line to-night,
Call up the boys;
Touch up the "locals!" Let us all unite
In social joys!

"Open the key!" Send forth the signal loud—
Call every man!
Let us unite, a joyous, happy crowd,
While yet we can.

"Close the key!" The lightning answer rings,
From comrades gay;
From all along our social line there springs
The glad "O. K!"

Put on new "cups," while 'round the festal board,
We sit to-night;
"Test all the wires!"—while every mind is stored
With memories bright.

Oh, may they ne'er depart—our joys sublime!
Nor dim our fires;
Until the ruthless hand of Father Time
"Cuts off" our wires!





THE DRUNKARD.

Reel, stagger, reel!
With tottering heel—
With many a weird and hideous grin,
Laden with whisky, beer and gin,
Wearily toiling, day by day,
The drunkard tumbles along life's way;
And every hour
More helpless in the Demon's power.

Reel, totter, reel!
Nor seems to feel,
The degradation of his crime
The dreadful loss of manhood's prime—
The scorn of foes, the shame of friends,
Swiftly the piteous wretch descends;
A poor outcast,
He fills a drunkard's grave at last.

Reel, shuffle, reel,
While terrors steal
Upon his wretched, guilty soul;
And while his wild eyes restless roll,
He sees a thousand horrors play
In threatening aspect 'round his way—
And goblins, grim,
He ever sees pursuing him.

Reel, tumble, reel!
The years reveal
The dreadful tumult of his life,



The suffering soul, the wearying strife,
 The manhood wrecked—the hope destroyed,
 A lifetime made a sickening void;
 Oh, count the cost—
 A drunkard's grave, and—Heaven lost!



SHATTERED HOMES.

*"Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened
 her mouth without measure."*—Isaiah, 5—14.

Oh, not with all of joy to-day, we see the moments
 flying,
 For, mingled with the songs of birds, are sounds of
 mortals crying;
 And, on the merry breath of Spring, through richest
 verdure straying,
 Soft and sad is borne along the sound of mothers
 praying,
 While Spring comes, with a lavish hand, her boun-
 teous gifts bestowing,
 Green on the drunkard's grave, to-day, the early grass
 is growing.

His was a life that bloomed as fair as skies of sum-
 mer's morning,
 A lovely life, through early years a happy home
 adorning;
 A life that claimed a father's pride, a mother's ear-
 nest blessing,





Yet, in the tempter's cruel snare, the parent lives dis-
distressing—

There are broken hearts that come to weep, and eyes
with tears are flowing,

Around the drunkard's lonely grave, where the early
grass is growing.

There are homes where sorrow holds the sway, and
where no joyous greeting

Shall daily render glad the the hour where love with
love is meeting;

A broken ship, along life's sea, that family bark is
sailing,

And where there should be joy and mirth, we hear
but sad bewailing.

Yet, daily, mortals are engaged distress' seed in sow-
ing,

And seek to fill the drunkard's grave, where the ear-
ly grass is growing.

Oh, can it be that men shall view such scenes and
still be heedless?

Then all of Gospel-preaching fails, and Jesus' death
was needless;

For, strong men view the earth to-day with startled
contemplation—

• Behold! A beastly appetite can shake a mighty na-
tion.

But, honor in mankind still lives, and hearts with
pity flowing

Bedeck, with flowers, the drunkard's grave, where
the early grass is growing.



To him who makes the softest breeze, and rules the
 raging billows—
 Who maketh e'en a dying bed, "as soft as downy pil-
 lows,"
 We look, to-day, with humble hearts, and faith which
 naught may sever,
 And trust God's JUSTICE and the RIGHT may rule
 and reign forever;
 And pray that He may come in might, His love and
 power bestowing—
 Till on a drunkard's grave no more we'll see the
 grasses growing.



"TOM'S TRAIN IS IN!"

Hark! What sounds are those that float
 So sadly on the wintry breeze?
 Sounds as of music, far remote,
 Come stealing through the distant trees.
 It seems an old, familiar sound—
 Dear wife, we've heard it many a day,
 Reverberate along the ground,
 Or 'round the window shutters play.
 We've heard it down the dusty vale,
 And through the wood, and up the road,
 As Tom's train, o'er its track of rail,
 Went flying, with its human load.
 A sound of softly-ringing bells—
 As though we heard it in a dream—





Then up the meadow's gentle swells
Was poured the whistle's angry scream.
For twenty years we've watched the train,
And heard the noisy engine roar—
I hear it now, far down the lane,
But never heard it so before!

The air grows dark! I scarce can see
Rush through the gloom the dusty car;
While, o'er it all, appears to me
A bright, but swiftly-falling, star.

The cloud dispels—the shadows part,
I hear the mighty engine's breath;
But oh, it rings this aching heart,
For now it sings a song of death,

I see the bell-rope idly swing
As Tom's train rushes swiftly past;
I hear no more his greetings ring,
For this sad run shall be his last.

For him no more the noisy bell
Adds to the rolling engine's din;
But weeping eyes this story tell:
"Life's run is made—*Tom's train is in!*"



TO MY WIFE.

The sun seems waning and pale, Lottie,
The blue in the sky's growing dark,
And soon, through the night's sable veil, Lottie,
Will glimmer the star's feeble spark;
But the heart that is honest and true, Lottie,
And the soul bathed in Heaven's pure light,
May rejoice all the long day through, Lottie,
And rival the stars of the night.

CHORUS—Oh, the beauty of earth fades away, Lottie,
And the stars in the sky feebly shine,
For a lovelier picture to-day, Lottie,
Is shone in a life such as thine.

Oh, the rose may bloom on the thorn, Lottie,
The violet flush blue in the sun,
And the lark sweetly carol at morn, Lottie,
O'er the joys of a day just begun;
But the petals must wither and fall, Lottie,
And the violet's sweet blush fade away,
And the lark will abandon his call, Lottie,
In the shadows that blot out the day.

CHORUS—

Thus Nature must wither and die, Lottie,
But in life renewed ever springs,
And all through the moments that fly, Lottie,
The song of eternity rings;
And though we may seem to grow old, Lottie,
And the years seem swiftly to fly,





We're approaching a mansion of gold, Lottie,
Prepared by Our Father on High.

CHORUS—

And there we may dwell through the years, Lottie,
Nor dream of the world's weary care,
For there's none of this world's griefs and fears, Lot-
tie,

In the home he has made over there;
Oh, sweet be the joy of our rest, Lottie,
Where the beauties of Heaven shall blend,
As we dwell in that home of the blest, Lottie,
With Jesus, our Savior and Friend.

CHORUS—



GARFIELD MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Hark! The bells are sadly tolling—
Hear them tolling sad and slow!
Hark! The muffled drums are rolling
Hear their rolling, soft and low.

See! A thousand flags are flying,
On the breezes see them wave!
Hear, to-day, the Nation crying,
'Round the noble Garfield's grave!



THE WANDERER'S RETURN.
— —

A dozen long, eventful years, have vanished in the
past,
Since, thou dear old homestead, I looked upon thee
last;
Can I forget the pleasant scenes that my young mind
impressed?
Or how, when I was called to go, that mind was sore
distressed?
These fields were then a glorious green, and radiant
all these nooks,
This old house then was bright and new—but ah!
how changed it looks!
'Twas here I spent my childhood days, amid the fields
and flowers,
Here oft I've seen the growing grain look fresh in
summer showers;
Here oft I've seen the early birds rise, warbling, to-
ward the skies,
And often tried, in boyish glee, to mock their melo-
dies;
Here, too, I drove the lazy cows, and heard the buzz-
ing bees,
And angled in yon running brook, and climbed the
orchard trees;
Here oft I've seen the sun at morn climb up the
Eastern hill—
Or seen, at noon, his shining face reflected in the rill
That rushed, and leaped, and danced along, fresh
from the purling spring—





Ah me! How sad the memories the faded pictures
bring!
Oh, had these trees the power to tell of all the chang-
ing years—
Of winter winds, and summer suns, and human hopes
and fears,
I fain would sit me down to-day and hear the story
told—
For all about the place is changed, e'en I am growing
old.
Just where, beneath that willow's shade, the cricket's
nightly creep,
Wrapped in their narrow garb of earth my loving
parents sleep;
They are alone—amid these scenes whence beauty
long has fled—
The thriving farm of long ago is peopled with the
dead.
'Here ran the current of their lives"—a round of
daily toil—
Content while others sought for fame, to till their
fertile soil;
While I, a truant on the earth, was wandering far
and wide—
While traveling o'er the grassy plain, or up the moun-
tain-side,
How oft has come before my eyes, with vivid trac-
ings drawn,
The picture of the old home scene, with woodland,
hill and lawn;



How oft, when danger hovered near, my mind has
 here returned,
 And rested with the dear ones here, whose hearts for
 me have yearned;
 How often, when despair had seized upon my faint-
 ing heart,
 Would these sweet pictures comes to view, and bid
 my fears depart!
 The memory of the dear old home would give me
 strength anew,
 And make, when darkest clouds hung low, some ray
 of light shine through.



WHAT THE BREEZES SING.

Mother, what do the breezes say
 As over the meadow fields to-day
 I hear them sadly sighing?
 Do they sing of a land of beauty rare,
 Where sweetest melody fills the air,
 As birds of richest plumage there
 With songs of praise are flying?
 Or, do their plaintive voices tell
 Of a broken home where sorrow fell
 O'er the brightness of life's morning—
 Do they come from a place where willows weep
 O'er forms embraced in endless sleep—
 Do they bring, on the breath of their gentle sweep,
 A solemn note of warning?





Do they sing of a home where Love's light sheds
Its golden stream o'er youthful heads,
And crowns young lives with glory?
Or, do they sing of a hovel, poor,
With the hungry wolf at its squalid door—
Of a ruined home, where joy no more
Shall brighten the mournful story.

"The winds roll on, in their gentle strain,
By sun-lit field and stormy plain—
By the brook and the winding river;
And ever they sing a medley song,
For the world's great story of right and wrong
In mournful cadence is borne along
On their gentle breath forever."

"But what is the saddest story told,
This Springtime day, by the breezes cold
That play around the shutters?
What of the picture the South-wind sees—
Save the singing birds and the humming bees,
And the blossoms on the cherry trees,
Where the robin gaily flutters?"

"The saddest story it tells, my child,
As it floats along over wood and wild,
Sadder than every other—
Is that of a home where a Demon came
And cast a cloud on an honored name,
And lowly laid, 'neath a load of shame,
The heart of a sainted mother.

Bright was the life of the merry boy
Who filled that mother's heart with joy



Ere he fell in the Demon's power;
 Now, over the mound where the mother lies,
 Mournful and sad the South-wind sighs—
 And softly greets the Summer skies
 A wealth of shrub and flower.

Yet, day by day, this Demon comes,
 With his blighting breath, to a thousand homes—
 And he leaves a trail of sorrow;
 Unchained, untrammelled, he roams to-day
 Into the fields where the young lambs play—
 He comes, he seizes, he bears them away,
 To an early grave to-morrow.

That is the saddest tale they bring
 These breezes soft, on fairy wing,
 Down through the ages crying;
 Ah, well may men from the terror shrink
 And draw away from that fatal brink
 Prepared for them by this Demon, *Drink*,
 Whose zeal is never-dying!



THE DEATH TRAP!

On Witnessing an Execution.

The morning sun with ghastly gleam
 Breaks from the eastern sky,
 And through the trees, in golden stream,
 His glimmering glances fly;
 Yet sadness comes, the merry morn
 Is tinged with gathering gloom—





A harbinger of hope forlorn,
A shade of coming doom.
The robins sing as ne'er before
The very winds seem glad—
Yet still there echoes, o'er and o'er,
A measure sweetly sad;
Grim Justice now shall wield her power,
The law, with mighty sway,
Must kill, in manhood's early hour,
A fellow-man to-day.

What though hideous be his crime,
And all his life be ill?
A blemish on the face of time—
A fellow-creature still;
Yet Justice moves a changeless course,
A firm, unbroken path,
And sinners e'er must feel the force
Of God's avenging wrath.

Though sweetest tints of roseate hue
May tinge the morning sky,
And over diamond-sparkling dew
The early moments fly;
Yet the same sun that floods with light
The dew-drop's shining spark,
Must fall before the coming night
Clothed with the shadows dark.

While we to Him our praises sing
Who notes the sparrow's fall,
We hear the noisy hammer ring
Upon the scaffold tall;



Though bright the day, and earth is fair
With Spring's first balmy breath,
We see, grim-rising over there,
The gloomy trap of death.

At last 'tis done—the life is gone,
The mortal pulse is still'd,
And Justice marches grandly on—
The law has been fulfilled;
Yet while we steel each bleeding heart,
And stifle horror's cry,
Anon on every side will start
A sympathetic sigh.

And loving mothers' prayers ascend
To Him who rules above,
And Christian mothers' praises blend
In heart-felt songs of love;
For He who doeth all things well
Can keep each darling boy,
And, e'en while tolls the funeral bell,
Can fill each life with joy.

Now take the deadly trap away,
Untie the horrid rope;
For other, better scenes to-day
We cast our horoscope;
Yet, as we view the golden skies
Beyond the setting sun,
We say—though still with tearful eyes—
Our Lord, Thy will be done!





OURS!

*On a surprise party to Rev. W. D. Cherington
and wife.*

Hark! The vesper-bells are ringing,
Soft and sweet the 'witching strain,
Fondest memories ever bringing,
Falls about the sacred fane;
Yet the happy moments fleeting,
Bear a richer, sweeter sound,
As, to-day, our loved ones greeting,
Friends and neighbors gather 'round.

Tell us not, in mystic stories,
Of a world in beauty dress'd,
Neither paint the sun-set glories
Sinking down the golden west;
Out upon this worldly beauty
Not to-day our fancies roam—
We enjoy a grander duty,
'Tis to welcome loved ones home.

Softly through the evening shadow
Comes a greeting from afar,
Past a welth of beauteous meadow,
Verdant hill, and shining star;
Other hearts that know our loved ones
Send us words of cheer to-day,
Yet other scenes will claim the right
To tear our friends away.

What, though to other fields they go,



To spread the Word of Light?
Within *our* hearts their images
Are ever pure and bright ;
And every eve, at vesper-bell,
An earnest prayer we'll breathe,
That God, with His rich, bounteous love,
Their sunny heads will wreath.

Lives of beauty cannot perish,
Day by day new joys unfold,
And for friends we fondly cherish,
Loyal hearts will ne'er grow cold;
May the skies be blue above them,
And their paths be strewn with flow'rs!
For we ne'er shall cease to love them—
These young Christian friends *are ours!*

Though the years are swiftly flying—
Fast we glide along life's stream—
And this summer day is dying
Like some pleasant, happy dream,
In our hearts, oh, let us treasure
All the joys that 'round us play,
And, through life, retain the pleasure
That prevades our hearts to-day.

May the joy of Friendship's greeting
Ever linger in each soul,
Heaven's music e'er repeating
As the moments onward roll;
And, when life's frail cord shall sever,
And our glad souls upward fly,





May we meet, and dwell forever
In that home beyond the sky!



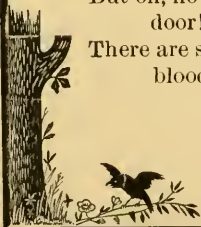
BLOOD STAINS!

I've seen a sight to-day, dear Marth, that sets my
blood aflame,
A sight that brings to manhood's cheek the burning
blush of shame;
I've stood, this Sabbath morn, beside a peaceful cot-
tage door,
And looked, with startled eyes, to see dark blood-
stains on the floor.

I've stood within a humble cot, upon a green hill-
side,
And saw the sweetly-blooming trees, and meadows
green and wide,
But oh, through all these priceless gems, from Na-
ture's bounteous store,
I see, still glare before my eyes, the blood-marks on
the floor.

An air of peace hangs o'er the scene, and happy fan-
cies play,
In golden eddies, 'round the cot this pleasant summer
day;
But oh, how sad the horrid scene within its narrow
door!

There are signs of death on every side—there are
blood-stains on the floor.



Upon the hearth where yesterday romped little feet
at play,
A parent's life-blood trickles down in purple stream
to-day;
I see, where romped the infant feet, the bloody
fountain pour,
And a loving father's life goes out in blood-marks on
the floor.

Oh, blackest picture on life's page! The human heart
must shrink,
To feel, when in our quiet homes we hover on death's
brink;
That, even in our happiest hours, we tread the
gloomy shore,
Where murderous hands may pour our lives in blood-
stains on the floor.

Oh, let us on this horrid scene a hiding curtain draw,
And strive to make our home-life safe within the
bounds of law;
And ever strive to place about each humble cottage
door,
A guard against the hands that make these blood-
marks on the floor!

We'll pray, dear wife, to Him who holds the earth
within his hand,
To let His sweet, protecting love rest over all our
land;
Yet there is one effective way our safety to restore—
A few more broken necks will drive the blood-stains
from the floor.





THANKSGIVING!

Give thanks—

Now plenty crowns the festal board.

And Peace, white-winged, rests on the bounteous
earth;

With sacred thought the honest mind is stored
And praise to Him who gave these blessings birth.

Give thanks—

While, round, the happy children romp,

And wake the echoes with their laughter loud;

To-day be happy—let not pride nor pomp

Restrain thy mingling with the happy crowd.

Give thanks—

While round the fleecy snow-flakes fall,

Clothing the frozen earth in robes of white;

From the dark storm-clouds, hanging like a pall,

Fall the bright crystals, tinged with purest light.

Give thanks—

Though now the heart be tinged with sadness,

All doubt and fear will surely pass away;

Let us then, strive to fill our lives with gladness,

By doing kindly acts from day to day.



ON THE DEATH OF A DEAR FRIEND.

Lo! I hear a message falling,
Hear it echo o'er and o'er,
As of voices sweetly calling—
Calling from a ditsant shore.

Oft I hear that call repeating
In the dark and silent night;
'Tis the voice of Faith, entreating
Some glad soul to take its flight—

Take its flight away from sorrow
That oppresses it today,
To that home where, on to-morrow,
It shall greet eternal day.

Not in vain is all its pleading—
Not in vain it calls us on;
One more soul that call is heeding,
And we mourn a sister gone.

Gone across the mighty river,
To inherit joys divine;
There, with holy light, forever
Will that gentle spirit shine.

Though despondent, broken-hearted,
We who linger on this side
Hear the blessed word imparted:
"Die as pure as Jennie died!"



THE HOME AGAINST THE SALOON.
— —

There's a peace and a joy in the quiet night,
And a health in the bracing air—
And the stars are giving their feeble might
To render the evening fair;
But the stars are singing a mournful song,
As they greet the silvery moon—
And low and high,
We hear the cry,
Of "the Home against the Saloon."

There's a patter of little infant feet,
And a rush through the open door,
And with joyous hearts the loved ones greet
The father, home once more;
Oh, fleeting pleasure! What heart can tell
In that happy hour, how soon
May fall the blow
Which shall lay it low—
The Home before the Saloon.

The stars of evening again look down,
And join in their mournful song;
And through the glimmering shadows brown
Resounds the story of wrong;
For the father's form we may see to-day
Lain low, in a drunken swoon;
While the story old
Once more is told
Of "the Home against the Saloon."



There's a new-made grave on yonder hill,
 Where the emerald verdure creeps,
 And a youthful widow, while all is still,
 Bends over the mound and weeps;
 And her tender hands, with flowerets bright
 Here fasten the gay festoon—
 And in scalding tears
 We read her fears
 For the Home against the Saloon.

And thus repeating the story old,
 The days go whirling by,
 And the tale of death is daily told
 In the widow's tear and sigh;
 Oh, that He who hearest the orphan's wail,
 And seest these flowers strewn
 On the drunkard's grave,
 May come to save
 The Home against the Saloon!



WHO?

Who fills the widow's eyes with tears—
 Who wakes the trembling orphan's fears?
 Who makes the noble fall?
 Who makes the dreamland monsters creep—
 Who ruins suffering manhood's sleep?
 King Alcohol.

Who wakes the maniac's horrid spell,
 And makes the happy home a hell—
 Who spreads the gloomy pall





Around the hearth where love should reign,
And fills each heart with endless pain?

King Alcohol.

Who takes the young and tender boy—
A father's pride, a mother's joy,
And, with enchanting call,
Lures him along the dangerous way—
More dark, more sinful every day?

King Alcohol.

Who, with his hot and blighting breath,
Spreads, far and near, a sea of death,
And, in his horried thrall,
Holds vigorous youth a willing slave,
And gives to age a drunkard's grave?

King Alcohol.

Who dares to laugh at woman's sighs,
And on the maniac's startling cries
A reign of mirth install?

Who, by his dark and subtle spell,
Would drag the angels down to hell?

King Alcohol.

Who rages over all life's plain,
And leaves his ghastly heaps of slain—
And, dead to mercy's call,
Seeks but for manhood's overthrow—
Satan's best friend and Heaven's foe?

King Alcohol.





THE SPARROW.

Pert and saucy—ever hopping,
Ofttimes on forbidden ground,
With thy harsh song, never stopping,
Waking horrid echoes 'round.

Over house or orchard screeching,
Dull and useless be thy lot;
Naught of good thy life is teaching,
Worm and insect fear thee not.

Who shall give thee friendly greeting?
Who shall plead thy humble cause?
Who shall hear thy voice, entreating
Safety under human laws?

Yet, whilst thou our feelings harrow,
With thy harsh cry of alarm,
One who notes the fallen sparrow
Will protect thee from all harm.

Though the pebbles thickly shower
'Round the tree which forms thy cage,
Safely perched beyond our power,
Thou canst laugh to see our rage.





A SUMMER REVERIE.

Slowly now the evening sun
Glides down the golden West;
Soon will the summer day be done,
And nature be at rest.

Deep in the shadows of the grove,
Beneath its branches wide,
Where coos the plaintive turtle-dove,
Where nimble squirrels hide.

Where woodbine clammers up the oak,
Where beauteous wild flowers grow,
Where never has the axman's stroke,
Dealt out the killing blow—

Hither I came this summer eve,
To while away an hour;
Here I'm enabled to perceive
The Maker's mighty power.

I pause within a shady dell,
While birds sing in the trees,
While the distant tinkling of a bell
Blends with the hum of bees.

There, in that silent, shady nook,
A marble tablet stands—
Near where the waters of a brook
Rush o'er the shining sands.

There some poor traveler on life's way
Now sleeps the sleep profound,



While rippling waters near him play.
And flowers deck the ground.

What sweeter place than this to sleep
In the long sleep of death?
Where summer breezes softly sweep,
With flower-scented breath.

It is such glorious scenes as these
Which point us to the skies;
These singing birds, these flowers and trees
Bring thoughts of Paradise.



On the Death of A Little Friend.

The bells will peal at christmas-time,
But sad their tones will be;
Each hollow note—each ringing chime,
Will bring sad thoughts to me.

I miss the cry of boisterous mirth—
The shout of youthful joy;
I see consigned to mother-earth
My friend, the happy boy.

That friend is gone! No more I see
His face and manner bright;
The pleasing thought abides with me:
His heart was always right.



THE OLD BACK-LOG IS BURNING STILL.

On the old, battered hearth-stone the ashes are
dark,
And deadened at times to a faint, gleaming spark;
But when Love's gentle breathing once touch the
dim coal,
With new life and beauty the bright flame will roll—
Around the old chimney the crickets still sing,
And the fondest of Love's sacred memories cling;
Oft-times when with sadness the moments would
would fill,
The blaze from the back-log will cheer the heart
still.

The years are fast-flying—the turbulent world
Swift on life's eddying river is whirled;
The light of the morn but illumines the way
Where we march through the shadows that banish
the day—
Time flies, with its changes—the forests must die,
And man fade away in the ages that fly;
But the home that is governed by God's holy will
E'er keeps the old back-log bright glimmering still.

Far through the dim shadows the moments come
back,
And we travel again over life's beaten track;
The bright scenes of childhood before us unfold,
On the shadows of age, like a halo of gold;
The old gaping fire-place an air castle seems,
And we fill it again with our juvenile schemes—



Oh, the joys of our childhood, age never can kill,
For the old-fashioned back-log is bright blazing
still.

Though wealth may erect its fine palace and hall,
Age crumbles the granite—the structure will fall;
But the palace of Love, firm built in each heart,
Laughs at time and outshines all the beauties of art;
Age cannot deface the bright sand-polished floor
That holds a firm place in our hearts evermore—

For the memories of home fondest fancies instill,
And with light from the back-log our loving
hearts fill.

The voices of turtle-doves, plighting their vows,
The bell, which announces the home-coming cows,
The lamb's gentle bleating—the call of the hen—
All these home-like noises come to us again;
The laughter of children, the lullaby song,
Back through the past moments come floating along;
All is sunlight and beauty—no vision of ill,
For the blaze from the back-log lights up the heart
still.

The old logs are crumbling slowly away,
As Time breathes upon them the breath of decay;
The walks are grass-covered, the fences are down,
The fields and the bushes look lonely and brown;
The laughter of children, that heart pleasing sound,
Lies silent and dead in that grass-covered mound;
But amid all this sadness we bow to His will,
Who keeps the old back-log bright glimmering
still.



Though our lives be beset by trial and care,
 And the heart often sink in the wave of despair,
 Like the flame of the back-log which gleamed in the
 past,
 The light of God's love on our pathway is cast;
 And sweetly it leads us along the dark way,
 Onward and upward, to Infinite Day—
 And all through the ages, each bright spot will fill
 With the light which the back-log is sending forth
 still.



THE CURSE OF RUM.

Around another home is cast
 A sea of gloom—a terror vast,
 And loving neighbors stand aghast,
 With sorrow dumb;
 Another happy home, at last,
 Is robbed by rum.

 What though a widow's heart shall break,
 And orphan's cries the echoes wake?
 And sounds of human suffering make
 Our heart-strings numb;
 Our best and happiest homes must take
 The curse of rum.

 What though the Demon claims his slave,
 And buries him 'neath sorrow's wave—
 And from the unseen power who gave,
 The summons come?
 That lonely, horrid, sickening grave
 Was filled by rum.



Those graves are scattered far and wide,
 They dot the hills on every side—
 And many a loving mother's pride
 Is stricken dumb:
 For happy homes must still abide
 The curse of rum.

About the place where beauty fell
 Into earth's dark and narrow cell,
 Into a yawning drunkard's hell—
 With senses numb—
 To-day we stand, and sadly tell
 The tale of rum.

Oh, freemen, in your wondrous might,
 As God, your Father, gives you light,
 Arise! And battle for the right
 Till victory come,
 To drive away this horrid blight—
 This curse of rum.



On a Golden Wedding.

Back through the darkening mazes of the past.
Fondly, to-night, imagination strolls,
To where the light of love its first rays cast,
With glad effect, on these two human souls.

For fifty years their lamp of love has burned—
For fifty years, with never-varying flame;
Each time the "anniversary" returned
To find the love in these two hearts the same.

A common life-time o'er life's troubled way,
A life-time, with its mingled joy and pain;
The scores of friends who gather 'round to-day
Prove that the years have not been spent in vain.

The frosts of age, thick settling on their heads,
Bear witness that our friends are growing old;
Let us to-night conceal the silver threads,
By hiding them beneath a crown of GOLD.



Fallen!

Who shall hear my wail of grief—
Who can give my heart relief?
Who that hears my helpless cry,
Reaching upward to the sky—
Kindly word will speak to me,
Bid my troubled heart be free?
Ah, there's naught can peace restore,
Till I reach the other shore.

Once to me that blessed word
"Home"—the sweetest ever heard—
Brought the purest thoughts of love
From the sacred realms above;
But the hollow echo, now,
Stamps with grief my aching brow;
I shall know its joy no more
Till I reach the other shore.

I could once with rapture fold
Little head of shining gold
To my happy heart, and see
Blue eyes filled with love for me,
And enjoy the priceless charms
Of two tiny, loving arms.
All these thoughts, from mem'ry's store,
Point me to the other shore.

Happy home, and husband true,
Peace and comfort once I knew;
Loving friends, and honored name,
Thoughtlessly I put to shame;



Yet, while I must still repine,
O'er a thoughtless act of mine,
Angels open mercy's door,
Over on the other shore.

There, where Heavenly beauty blends,
I may still find home and friends:
There the fallen soul that grieves
Crown of peace and joy receives,
And Divine Love will impart
Comfort to a broken heart—
I may rest, and weep no more,
Over on that golden shore.



The Crown of Autumn.

Sweet the Autumn glory falls
Over field, and bush, and tree,
While each gentle zephyr calls
In the softest tones to me:
"Come to the groves,
Where the squirrel roves,
On the barren branches, wild and free."

Drear the calling of the crow,
As he cleaves the bracing air;
While he views the wood below
As he feared to enter there—
"Caw! Caw!" he shouts,



And his comrades routs,
With his warning note of wild despair.
Sweet the singing of the bird,
As it softly floats along—
In a joyful medley heard.
Pouring forth a heart of song:
“Come, come away,
To the wood, to-day,
Where stores of sweetest mem’ries throng.”
Drear the sounding of the gun,
As its cruel work goes on;
Counting, at the set of sun,
Some of God’s poor creatures gone:
“Death! Death!” it rings,
And a sadness brings
To the golden eve, from the rosy dawn.
Yet above these sights and sounds—
Golden leaves and cruel gun,
Singing birds and crying hounds,
Peaceful shines the setting sun—
Over all,
Its glories fall
Like the glow of Heaven won.
Thus the year is growing old—
Thus the sun’s bright, gleaming rays,
Shed a radiant crown of gold
Over all its closing days—
And it sinks to rest
With the saved and blest
Who sing Jehovah’s love and praise.





To Harry, Sleeping.

Sleep, Harry, sleep!
In slumber deep,
As slow the moments onward creep,
And may the light of Heaven shed
Its blessings round thy sunny head;
Sleep, Harry, sleep.

Dream, Harry, dream!
With beauty's beam
May all your childish visions teem;
And may your journey o'er life's way
Be free from sorrow as to-day;
Dream, Harry, dream.

Rest, Harry, rest!
Thy slumber blest,
Thy brow by cooling breeze caressed;
May he who watches from above
Surround thee with his bounteous love;
Rest, Harry, rest!



THE HORRORS OF DRINK.

Slowly fall the shades of evening, swiftly flies the
fading day !
Over many a towering steeple fitful shadows dance
and play ;
Toilers homeward wend their journey—eager seek
their needed rest,
While the golden sun of Autumn sinks to slumber in
the West.
Stands a cottage in the gloaming—softly treading to
and fro
Are the care-worn, anxious inmates, as they whisper,
soft and low ;
There's a white face on the pillow, there's a weak
heart beating fast ;
Sit the mourners, sadly waiting, till that sorrowing
life is past.
There's a step without the doorway—there's a tum-
bling, reeling tread,
Steps of one who hath no sorrow for the living or
the dead.
Quickly turns the dying mother, all too well that
step she knows,
Comes her breathing hot and quickly, on her cheek
the fever glows ;
Sounds the sacred name of "Mother," but from lips
that crime hath stained,
But the poor heart now is broken, which that sound
so often pained.





Slowly raise the drooping eye-lids, long she looks with
steadfast gaze,
On this wreck of all that's human, over which the
dim light plays.
One sad shriek the echoes waken, and the burdened
life hath fled,
'Tis the drunken son's last visit—now he sees the
mother dead ;
For, with anguish partly sobered, now he looks with
vacant stare—
Rings a sound of deadly pistol on the chilly evening
air ;
Sinks he down before her bedside, soon departs his
last faint breath,
And the murderer and murdered side by side repose
in death.
While the father grieves, heart-broken, o'er the ruin
drink hath made,
While he kissed the thin lips softly—lips that often
sadly prayed,
From his heart there swelled deep curses of the crim-
inals and crime
That had robbed him of his loved ones in the fullness
of their prime.
Softly then his neighbors tell him that men have a
right to sell
Drink that sends the souls of thousands daily on the
road to Hell ;
While he gazes on his dead ones, stark and stiff be-
fore his eyes,
From his lips a wail of sorrow raises upward to the
skies.



Vows he now, amid his sorrow, that the time shall
never come,
When, by voice of his, a party shall protect the sale
of rum ;
For he knows of death that follows—he knows of
snares that dwell
By the wayside of the youthful, who are caught in
mystic spell.
As the evening shadows thicken, swiftly merging
into night.
Far above he hears sweet voices crying: "Battle for
the Right !
Never give the struggle over till the Demon has been
slain—
And no more a son's debauchery shall cause a mother
pain."
Now he bears his load of sorrow slowly onward, day
by day—
Sorrow Time can never weaken—neither Joy can
drive away.
One more heart is torn asunder—one more soul is
clothed in gloom,
One more life would gladly hasten to the shadow of
the tomb.
Shall this picture be repeated, every day and every
hour?
And shall crime go stalking onward, and defy all
earthly pow'r?
Oh my comrades, let us rally—let us strike the mon-
ster down !
We may win a Father's blessing, we may wear a gol-
den crown.



We may sing our glad hozanna, at the end of life's
short span,
Of "Glory to the God of Hosts," and "Peace, Good
Will, to Man !"



THANKSGIVING!

Dear wife come to the window and let us look again
Upon the distant pine-clad hills, far down the grassy
plain ;

I love to see the nodding pines, the hickory's golden
leaves,

And on the corn-field's rugged face, the stores of yellow
sheaves ;

I love to look upon the trees, where richest glories
play,

And shed new beauties on the farm on this Thanksgiving
Day.

How oft, dear wife, we've wandered out, through
many a woodland green,

While, in the buoyant hope of youth, our love-life
was serene !

Those days come floating back to me, and like some
magic spell,

From out the old brown church I hear a joyous marriage
bell.

And from that blessed hour, dear wife—that altar far
away,

I see Love's hand point trustfully to this Thanksgiving
Day.



In the long path of toil and care which you and I have
trod,
We may, oft-times, have fallen short the glory of our
God;
But in temptation's trying hour, which tests the
Christian's heart,
We've ever felt a willingness to try to do our part—
And when I think from trusting souls He ne'er will
turn away,
I feel new cause to praise His name on this Thanks-
giving Day.

We've raised our little trusting flock beneath His
loving eye,
And planted in their sinless minds ambitions pure
and high;
We've scattered flowers along life's way, but here and
there between
The petals, blooming fresh and fair, a ruthless thorn
was seen;
Yet, looking back along life's stream, the fondest fan-
cies play
Around our home, and cheer my heart on this
Thanksgiving Day.

To-day, of all the happy year, His blessings, full and
free,
Seem pouring out, in golden stores, dear wife, for
you and me;
The Autumn air seems full of joy, and, on the distant
hill,
The lowing cows with home-like sounds the happy





moments fill ;
 But, sweeter than the joys of earth, from Heaven's
 bright array,
 Pour out the richest joys for us, on this Thanksgiv-
 ing Day.

Oh, let us lift our hearts to Him who knows our ev-
 ery care,
 Who builds, for all His trusting ones, a palace over
 there,
 And let us look, with trusting eyes, toward that
 golden shore
 Where souls dwell in eternal joys—but know life's
 cares no more ;
 And let us ever live, dear wife, with hearts as light
 and gay
 As on the old, familiar farm, on this Thanksgiving
 Day.



THE DEADLY MINE.

Soft the morning light is falling,
 On the walls so dark and grim,
 Merrily a voice is calling,
 Calling through the shadows dim ;
 'Tis the miner's happy greeting,
 And his heart is light and gay,
 As, his sturdy comrades meeting,
 He begins the weary day.
 Little thinking—little heeding
 How the snares are lurking there,



Soon his form is fast receding
 Down the dark and grimy stair ;
 And, with ready step, and fearless,
 He advances through the gloom,
 To the shadows, cold and cheerless,
 Of his damp and lonely room.

Soon his pick is stoutly swinging
 On the black and shining wall,
 And the blows are loudly ringing
 As the ebon diamonds fall ;
 And his heart is warmly burning,
 And his soul is filled with love,
 While he thinks, with tender yearning,
 Of his loved ones up above.

Hark! There comes a horrid rumbling—
 Hear! Is that a human groan ?
 Is the great roof toppling, crumbling,
 Is he dying there alone ?
 Ah, the arm is still'd forever,
 And the pick is thrown aside,
 While Death's dark and gloomy river
 Bears another on its tide.

All unheeded—all unwarning,
 Death is lurking by the way,
 And the brightest, happiest morning,
 May bespeak the gloomiest day :
 But to him that heeds the calling
 Of the blessed Friend Divine,
 Radiant light is ever falling
 In the dark and gloomy mine.





THE RED-BIRD.

In the early light of the morning gray,
Gaily perched on the topmost bough,
The Red-Bird whistles his merry lay—
Bright and cheerful I hear it now:
“G-o-o-d cheer! G-o-o-d ch-e-e-r!”
Rings his welcome, sweet and clear.

His heart is glad, for the sun is warm,
And he dreads no longer the ice and snow—
For he drowns all thoughts of the freezing storm,
As softly his liquid warblings flow:
“To-wh-e-e-t, To-wh-e-e-t!”
His merry song falls, soft and sweet.

He has dived in the face of the roaring blast
When strong men shrink from the frosty air;
Yet he thinks no more of the dangers past,
As we hear him softly calling there:
“To-wh-e-e-t, chee, chee,
Let all the world be gay like me!”

He has nestled oft 'mid beauteous flowers,
And basked in the balmy breath of Spring;
He has drunk at the fountains of Summer showers,
And he thinks of these as we hear him sing:
“Cheer, cheer, cheer, cheer, cheer!”
For his heart is glad and he feels no fear.

Ne'er blast of Winter nor Summer's rain
Can mar the joy of his happy song,
And care may assail that heart in vain—





It is full of love, and it sings along:
 "Good, good, good ch-e-e-r!"
 Through Summer bright, or Winter drear.
 Oh, that every heart might feel as warm,
 And through earth's trials sing as gay—
 Alike in the sunshine and the storm,
 Its cheering song of the Perfect Day:
 "Draw near! Draw n.e-a-r!"
 For the love and glory of God are here!"



LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. V. FLORENCE CRUMIT.

Is that the rustling of a fairy wing,
 Floating downward from the wintry sky—
 Is that an anthem which the angels sing,
 Echoing far and high?
 And that sweet vision—can it be a dream—
 Those gloomy clouds, dispelled by radiant light
 Which, through the clefts, in many a golden
 stream,
 Is shining pure and bright?
 Between the drifting clouds, a mother's hand—
 That sainted hand, so fraught with deeds of
 love,
 Beckons the daughter toward a better land—
 A realm of joy, above.





While, through our tears, we take our last fare-
well,

And lay our Flora's form beneath the sod,
In faith, and trust, we hear the Heavens tell
The glories of our God.

Yet still the pangs of anguish shall not cease,
Nor joy be found in all the earth below;
In vain is spread the spotless garb of peace,
In softly falling snow.

We miss the sparkling eye, the merry voice,
And strive to think that, in the far away,
That life through countless ages shall rejoice
The bliss of Perfect Day.

Above the gloom of earth, how clear the sky—
How sweet that anthem swells upon the air!
It marks the hour when Jesus passeth by—
We read His glory there.

There, in that land of rest, the mother's arms
The beauteous daughter do at last enfold;
Where music vibrates, with angelic charms,
From glittering harps of gold.

And, as their spirits come, with thoughts of love
May our poor hearts so heed the precious call,
That we shall dwell, at last, in realms above,
A glorious family, all.





LINES

ON A PROPOSITION TO REMOVE THE REMAINS OF A
DEAD CHILD FROM A BEAUTIFUL
CEMETERY PLOT.

"Let no man deceive you with vain words; for because of these things cometh the wrath of God upon the children of disobedience."—Eph. v-6.

What! Desecrate that tiny grave?
Disturb the peaceful rest
Of that dear one, whom Heaven gave
To make our pathway blest?
Ah, hard indeed must be the heart,
And harder still the mind,
Which could such horrid thought impart
To sorrowing humankind.

What! Desecrate that little grave?
Tear up with ruthless hand,
That form, as though a cowering slave
To wealth's insane demand?
Oh, palsied be the cruel arm—
If such there might be found—
That dares to touch, with thought of harm,
That peaceful little mound!

Tear up the little, quiet form,
Where it has lain so long
Beneath the sunshine and the storm?
What heart could do such wrong?





Consent in other, rougher place
That sainted form to thrust?
Never, while lives a Christian grace—
Never! While God is just!

Around that grave, let loving care
Proclaim the sacred spot;
Our brightest hope lies buried there,
Thou shalt profane it not!
Our heart-strings twine about the sod
Wherein our darling sleeps,
And never-dying faith in God
The sacred memory keeps.

Sleep, softly sleep, thou darling one,
Nor fear an earthly ill;
For winter's storm, and summer's sun,
Will find thee slumbering still;
And when the pale moon's shimmering light
On thy green mound is shed,
Safely, throughout the silent night,
Shall rest our sainted dead.



THE MARTIN'S SONG!

Away, away, on the balmy breeze,
 With tireless wings I fly—
 Over the green earth, over the trees,
 Over the house-tops high;
 And to and fro
 As I swiftly go,
 You may hear my merry cry.

 Now with playmates, in concert loud,
 I twitter upon the eave,
 Now through the mist of a gathering cloud
 With tireless wings I cleave—
 And not a care
 In the earth or the air,
 Can my merry spirit grieve.

 Now skimming the hat of a merry boy.
 Now sailing the water's brim,
 Now telling the tale of my boisterous joy
 To the evening shadows dim—
 Away, away,
 On pinion gay,
 While singing my matin-hymn.

 My happy secret you ask of me,
 Why my heart is ever light—
 Why my song is ringing, so full and free,
 From morn till the shades of night?
 'Tis the sacred love
 Of our God above
 Which keeps my heart so bright,



The life that idles away the days
 For our free enjoyment given,
 Which echoes not with the love and praise
 Of our father who dwells in Heaven,
 Is as driftwood cast
 On an ocean vast,
 By a cruel tempest driven.

Then away, away, with me to-day—
 While warm is the Summer air,
 While the sunbeams' golden glances play
 Through the apple-blossoms fair—
 In all we do,
 The long day through,
 God's boundless love declare.



LINES

ON THE DEATH OF MISS MAGGIE KNOX.

"Flitting away!" Like a fast-flying dream,
 The souls that are floating on life's broad stream
 Which, fed by the tear-drops of sorrowing friends,
 In dark, gloomy billows, forever descends;
 Even we, as we weep on its sad shores to-day,
 Are "flitting, flitting away."

"Flitting away!" The dark stream rolls on,
 And we know that our Maggie's bright spirit is gone;
 Yet, over the shadow and gloom of the grave,



The sunlight is gilding the dark rolling wave,
And we know that her soul is rejoicing to-day,
While "flitting, flitting away."

"Flitting away !" How swiftly they fly.
As the souls, one by one, go hurrying by!
A faint, passing vision—we see them no more,
They are fast flying on toward that beautiful shore—
To that land where Divine Love around them
shall play,
They are "flitting, flitting away."

"Flitting away !" 'Tis over—'tis past,
And the voice of our Maggie is silent at last;
Yet in visions we see a bright mansion above,
And hear her voice whisper its tidings of love;
And onward, to join in that glittering array,
We are "flitting, flitting away."

"Flitting away !" From the Spring's early flowers,
Away from the love of these poor hearts of ours;
Away, to the angelic home of the blest—
That home where glad souls are forever at rest;
To the love and the glory of Infinite Day,
She is "flitting, flitting away."





A SILENT SERMON.

*A little child falling asleep in church, his father, who
sang in the choir, placed him beside the altar
where he slept during the sermon.*

Firm fell the sound
Of text profound—
The Parson, ably preaching,
Of hope that springs
From smallest things
Through Jesus' love, was teaching.

"He noteth all—
The sparrow's fall,
The Christian's passing sorrow,
He drives away
Our grief to-day,
He brings us joy to-morrow."

How the frail threads
Upon our heads
Our Heavenly Father numbers,
How His love plays
Above our days,
And guards our nightly slumbers.

The great truths fell
Like magic spell,
Anon the grand old story
Came floating through
The aisle and pew,
Filled with His love and glory.



A vision bright
Before our sight
Came swiftly, sweetly creeping—
For there beside
The altar wide
A beauteous child lay sleeping.

Sweet, Heavenly grace,
That up-turned face
In dimpled charms betraying !
To rest as sweet
At Jesus' feet,
Were worth a life of praying.

The sermon closed,
The deacons dozed,
And while the choir were singing,
The Parson's thought,
In fine words wrought,
Through aisle and pew kept ringing.

But sweeter than
The words of man,
Of Heaven's glory teaching,
Came, strong and deep,
From that sweet sleep,
A wealth of SILENT PREACHING.

A new joy, shed
On that pure head,
Lights up from pew to steeple ;



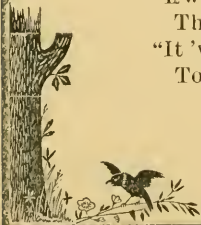
While, sweet and clear,
A voice we hear :
"Of such are Heaven's people."

Lift up each voice,
Let hearts rejoice !
Repeat the old, old story ;
That cherub's looks
Than gilded books
Tell more about God's glory.



A LITTLE MAN.

I met him on the wintry street,
Whence stronger souls had fled—
Tattered, the boots upon his feet,
The hat upon his head.
A piteous vision to behold,
There in the winter's storm,
Yet, though the outward form was cold,
The heart was brave and warm.
The little arms were brave and strong,
And, o'er the icy road
In cheerfulness they bore along
A smaller comrade's load.
"It was too heavy for the boy,"
The little hero cried—
"It 'wakes in me an inward joy
To bring it by his side."



"I ever love to lend a hand,
To help a needy friend,
And 'neath a weighty load to stand,
Where weaker backs must bend."

"They say they learn at Sunday School
What Christian life should be—
But I've been taught the Golden Rule,
And that's enough for me."

Brave little man ! That noble thought
A lesson sweet imparts—
The same the blessed Savior brought
To gladden human hearts.

A thousand sermons could not teach
A grander, nobler aim—
Ambition's fires could never reach
A brighter, sweeter flame.

To such unselfish acts as these
Our noblest thoughts are given,
And, e'en on this cold, wintry breeze,
Come sweetest songs of Heaven.



A SUMMER FANCY.

I saw, beside a cottage door,
A little child at play,
With laughing eyes, and sunny curls,
As radiant as the day ;



I saw him chase, in childish glee,
A golden butter-fly,
Which oft, with swift and airy wings,
Went gaily fluttering by.

'Tis said events of passing years
Will cast their shades before;
That we, from present fleeting signs,
May read the future's store;
Thus, as the sorrow-freighted years
Go swiftly rushing by,
Mankind will never cease to chase
The golden butterfly.

I envied all the precious joys
Of that young, careless heart,
Nor dreamed among earth's sorrowing ones
It e'er could have a part;
That, when life's day is fading out,
And evening draweth nigh,
Decrepit age shall mourn the youth
That chased the butterfly.

Through all the changeful scenes of earth
The thought shall lead us on,
And through the gloom of failing years,
We seek a brighter dawn;
The fainting heart still hopeful scans
The earth, and sea, and sky,
And seeks in second-youth to trace
The golden butter-fly.

And when on earth these feet are still—
When time shall be no more—



They'll go to seek eternal flowers,
 Upon that happy shore
 Where, 'mid the crowns and harps of gold,
 The joyous years roll by,
 And all forget, in sweeter scenes,
 The golden butter-fly



THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

Grim witness of the flying years,
 What saddened thoughts arise,
 When first your whitened thread appears
 Before my startled eyes !
 It speaks of youth which cannot last,
 It tells of gathering age—
 While future hopes, and mem'ries past,
 My varied thoughts engage.

Like as a truth which fadeth not
 Before a mocking stain,
 Though art may hide your silver spot,
 It shineth forth again ;
 That slender thread of silver gray,
 In language pure and bold,
 Tells to the busy world to-day
 That I am growing old.

It bids me heed the flying hours
 That o'er my pathway roll,
 And from decaying earthly powers
 Lift up a perfect soul ;





It bids me—though the tone is strange—
 So true, so faithful, be,
 That e'en in death will make my change
 A glorious victory.

When 'neath the cloud of age this head
 Bends feebly down at last,
 Then will this slender, snowy thread,
 A silver lining cast :
 And when beyond life's stormy sea
 Infinite joys unfold,
 Then will these silver tokens be
 Transformed in lines of gold.

- Oh, peaceful Age ! Oh, joyous night
 That tells of day well spent !
 And through the last hours' rapid flight
 Reveals a sweet content ;
 A peace that looks beyond the grave—
 Beyond earth's setting sun.
 And, in Jehovah's power to save,
 Proclaims the victory won.



TO OUR DEAD HEROES.

Hark! A solemn sound is floating through the valleys
of the North—
Midst a wealth of waving banners, in the sunlight
bursting forth—
Like a low, sad dirge of music, like a sound of muffled
drums,
Down the hillsides, up the valleys, on the summer
breeze it comes ;
Sadly sweet the solemn measures, as they slowly die
away,
For they tell of brave men weeping over comrades'
graves to-day.

'Tis the sound which oft-times echoed from the san-
guinary fight—
'Twas heard on Chickamauga's field, and Lookout's
dizzy hight,
'Twas heard in Vicksburg's trenches, in Shiloh's dark
ravines,
It sang a solemn requiem o'er countless tragic scenes;
Yet with saddened hearts we hear the muffled music
play,
As we strew, with gems of beauty, our comrades'
graves to-day.

'Tis the sound which, in the wilderness, rolled down
the smoky sky,
When brave men struggled, 'midst the fire, to con-
quer or to die,





And up the Shenandoah, when the death-shots fell
like hail,
The rolling drum and shrieking fife were heard along
the vale ;
And many were the brave and true who fell along
the way,
Whose brave deeds we commemorate in floral wreaths
to-day.

We've heard it on the weary march, we've heard it in
our dreams,
We've heard it on the beetling hills, and by the bab-
bling streams ;
We've heard it where the prison pens were knocking
at Death's door—
We've heard it where the heaving sea beats on the
Southern shore ;
We've heard it where the warm South-wind toys with
the crystal spray—
But never heard it half so sad, so mournful as
to-day.

'Twas heard where stately Southern oaks concealed
the wary line—
'Twas heard above the lonely grave beneath the
Southern pine ;
And as its sad notes Northward rolled, the dreadful
tidings fell
As though each loving, loyal heart, had heard its
funeral knell.
Its mournful notes twine 'round our hearts, we may
not drive away
The strange sad recollections of Decoration Day.





Again a floral tribute lay upon each silent grave,
And ever hallowed be the spot where sleep our fallen
brave!

Their lives gone out in noble deeds, their hearts to
country true,

They slumber in a hero's sleep, those gallant "Boys in
Blue."

Again bright wreaths of evergreens and sprays of
laurel lay—

Build them a monument of flowers! 'Tis Decoration
Day!

Long live these sacred memories—as long as time
shall last,

And ever 'round the soldier's grave a glorious halo
cast!

And though the storms may roughly beat around the
sacred spot,

Its ties still closely bind our hearts—its glory fadeth
not;

And, through the intervening years, may fondest
memories play

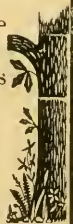
Around the gallant soldier's grave—unto the Perfect
Day.

And when, beyond the shores of time shall sound the
"reveille,"

When the angel hosts shall gather 'round in all their
purity,

May these brave ones who sleep to-day within these
earthly bowers,

Receive, from angel hands, bright crowns of Heaven's



eternal flowers.
And may we entertain for them as sacred thoughts,
always,
As fill our hearts, and shape our deeds, on Decoration
Day !



GOING OUT OF THE MINE !



Go, lay my tools away, boys, this hand is failing fast,
My breath comes thick and slowly, as each would be
the last—
The “air” seems bad and stifling, and, in my lonely
room,
I see the “fire” which gives to me foreshadowings of
doom.
My old lamp burns but dimly, with dull and flicker-
ing ray—
My time is up, I must go out—go lay my tools away.

There’s many a lonely “entry” has heard the merry
song
Of my good pick, swift delving, with steady blows
and strong,
As through the ebon archway I moved with stubborn
pace,
And, tearing out the shining coal, left but an empty
trace.



My heart still loves to hover by the mine-lamp's fee-
ble ray,
But the strong arm falters now, boys, go put the
tools away.

I've worked for many a weary year, where reigns
eternal night,
Yet through the darkest, gloomiest hour, my heart
was ever light
For there is One whose eye can pierce earth's gloom-
iest recess,
And, in the deepest, darkest mine, can come with
pow'r to bless;
Now I am going out, boys, into the light of day—
I hear the cage descending now, go put my tools away.

This brave old arm has stood the test in many a try-
ing hour,
And, though oftentimes where dangers fell, has never
lost its pow'r,
For never, in an evil deed, has this good arm been
raised—
And now it sinks to peaceful rest—the Lord of Hosts
be praised.
What? Has the lamp gone out, boys? I scarce can
see its ray—
But, let it go! I need it not! Go put my tools away.

Now I enjoy a better air, the lamp shines full and free,
And from a brightly-lighted room a comrade beck
to me;
I look into the Perfect Mine, and sweetest joys unfold,





Where the old picks are hanging against a wall of
gold;

And mines that ope' with gates of pearl before my
vision play—

The cage is trembling on the rise—go put my tools
away.

Down from the top a beauteous light in richest splen-
dor shines,

The light that ofttimes reached my heart within
earth's gloomy mines;

It tells me that upon the earth my toiling days are
done—

It tells me of a victory by faithful spirits won.

Jehovah's cage moves swiftly on, up toward the Per-
fect Day—

Farewell, old friends! I'm—going—out! Go—put—
my—tools—away!





“OLD FRANK SMITH,”

Killed at Shiloh. Written on the occasion of a Reunion of his
Regiment, the 53d Ohio.

They will come with happy greetings,
Those gallant men and true—
Those loyal hearts that bravely beat
Beneath the Union blue;
Once again in joyful tumult
We may hear their hearty cheer,
But *one* voice will still be missing,
Dear “old Frank” will not be here.

From the memory’s fondest fancies
Come, like gems of brightest ray,
Thoughts of those exciting moments
Ere the brave boys marched away;
Up the years, so fast receding,
Once again the scene draws near,
Now a brave platoon is broken—
Dear “Old Frank” will not be here.

Oft was heard, in mirthful story,
By the camp-fire’s ruddy light,
That droll voice, a joy diffusing,
Far into the merry night;
From that far-off scene the echoes
Fall melodious to the ear,
But that voice has long been silent—
Dear “Old Frank” will not be here.

Brave old man—no thought of danger
Could subdue the surging fire
Of that heart, while tales of peril



Served that spirit to inspire;
 On the distant field of Shiloh
 There was one who knew not fear,
 Now he sleeps beside the river—
 Dear "Old Frank" will not be here.
 But a voice rides on the zephyrs
 From the mansions of the sky—
 Hark, brave boys, and hear its greeting,
 'T is a comrade draweth nigh;
 We may hear its glad "hozannas,"
 Like a mighty battle cheer,
 Now they tremble in the distance—
 Dear "Old Frank" will not be here.

Let the cheers ring for the living,
 Let the tears fall for the dead;
 Brightest wreaths of woven laurel
 Lay above each hero's head;
 Let the memory of their virtues
 Mingle with the falling tear,
 Though it be a joyful meeting—
 Dear "Old Frank" will not be here.



"THEY TELL ME GRANT IS DYING!"

Speak not to me of noble deeds weak mortal efforts
 crowning,
 While on the face of glory's page the very skies are
 frowning;
 Beyond the limit of our *dreams* the hideous *fact* is
 glaring,



And, in the time of brightest hope, there comes a fate
 unsparing;
 The echoes from a thousand hills are calling and re-
 plying—
 Hark! Is it real? Can it be? They tell me Grant
 is dying.

Speak not to me of *mortal* fame, or deeds of martial
 glory—
 Though sweetly sung in poet's rhyme, or told in
 graphic story;
 I sing of one who stands to-day upon Death's gloomy
 portal—
 His form may vanish from our sight, his deeds re-
 main—immortal.
 Yet soft and sad the Spring-time breeze, among the
 branches sighing,
 Convey a startling tale to me—they tell me Grant is
 dying.

That eye which on the steady line was seen so often
 flashing,
 That brave heart which unshaken stood amid the
 battle's clashing,
 Must fall at last, as when the sun, the western waters
 drinking,
 His mid-day reign of glory spent—to peaceful rest is
 sinking;
 But tell me not the mournful tale my soul is e'er de-
 denying—
 I cannot see, in failing flesh, the brave old hero
 dying.

The stately ship which rides the seas may sink be-
 neath the billows,



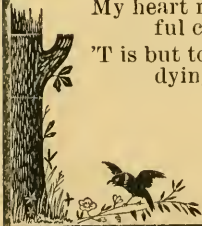


Or the mountain eagle fluttering down, may die beneath the willows;
The world looks on and calls it death — for these are gone forever—
Frail, broken vessels, sinking down, beneath life's rapid river;
But now what form is stricken down? A mighty nation crying,
Conveys this dread intelligence — the mighty Grant is dying.

A halo hangs about the couch whereon the hero lingers,
As death imprints his pallid seal with stern, relentless fingers,
And 'round that wan and suffering form proclaims anew the story
Which, through the dark and troublous years, enshrined that name in glory:
That form through many a gloomy scene — the souls of brave men trying,
Has passed unscathed, but now, at last — they tell me Grant is dying.

Dying? Not while Freedom lives, shall our Ulysses perish,
That name, so full of noble deeds, brave hearts shall ever cherish;
And where the flag of Union waves, o'er mountain, lake or river,
Will live, in every loyal heart, the name of Grant forever.

My heart repels the startling thought—Death's boastful claim denying,
'T is but to mock a glorious fame to tell me Grant is dying.







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